

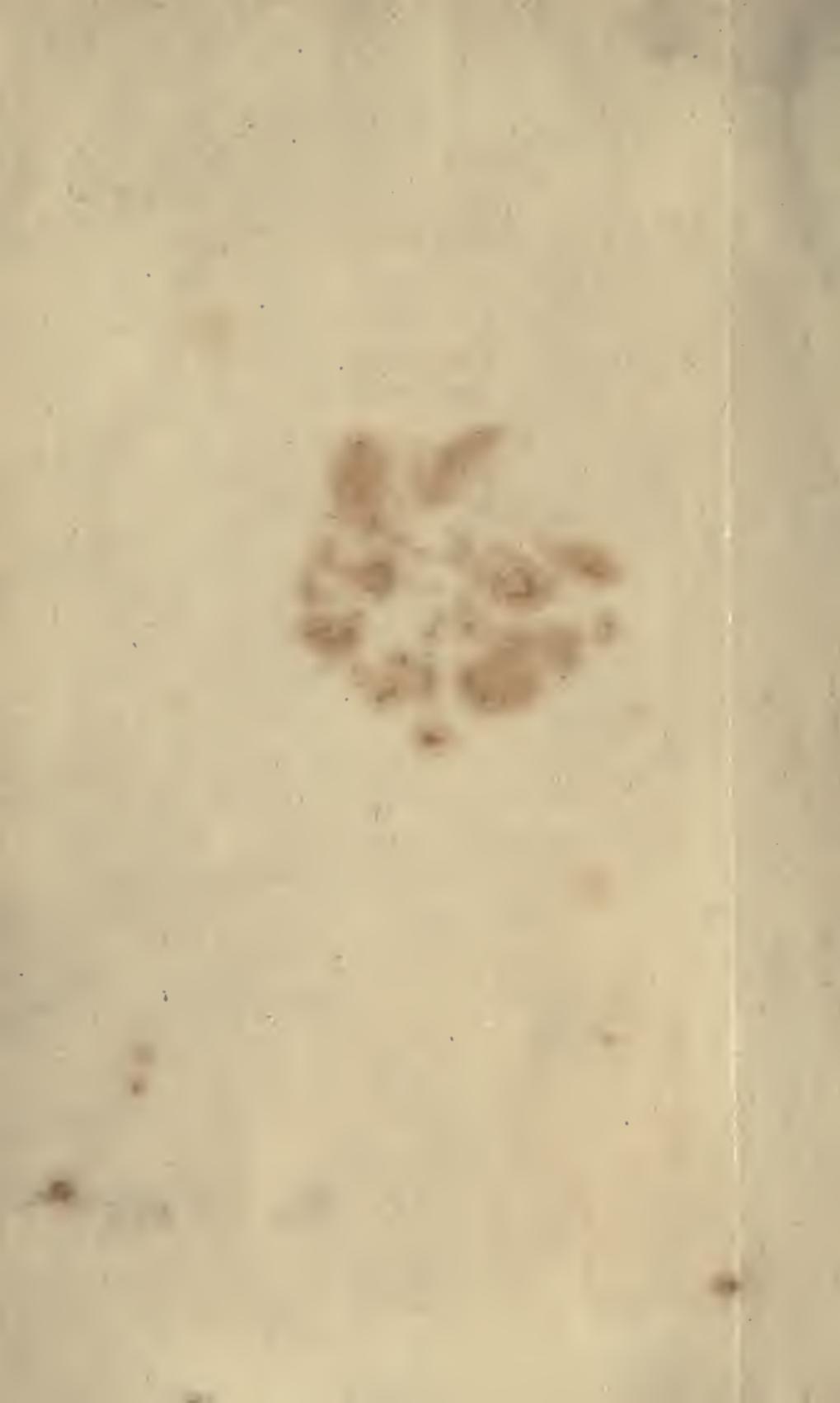


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THE

# ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. CLARKE,

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MDCCLXIV.

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AND

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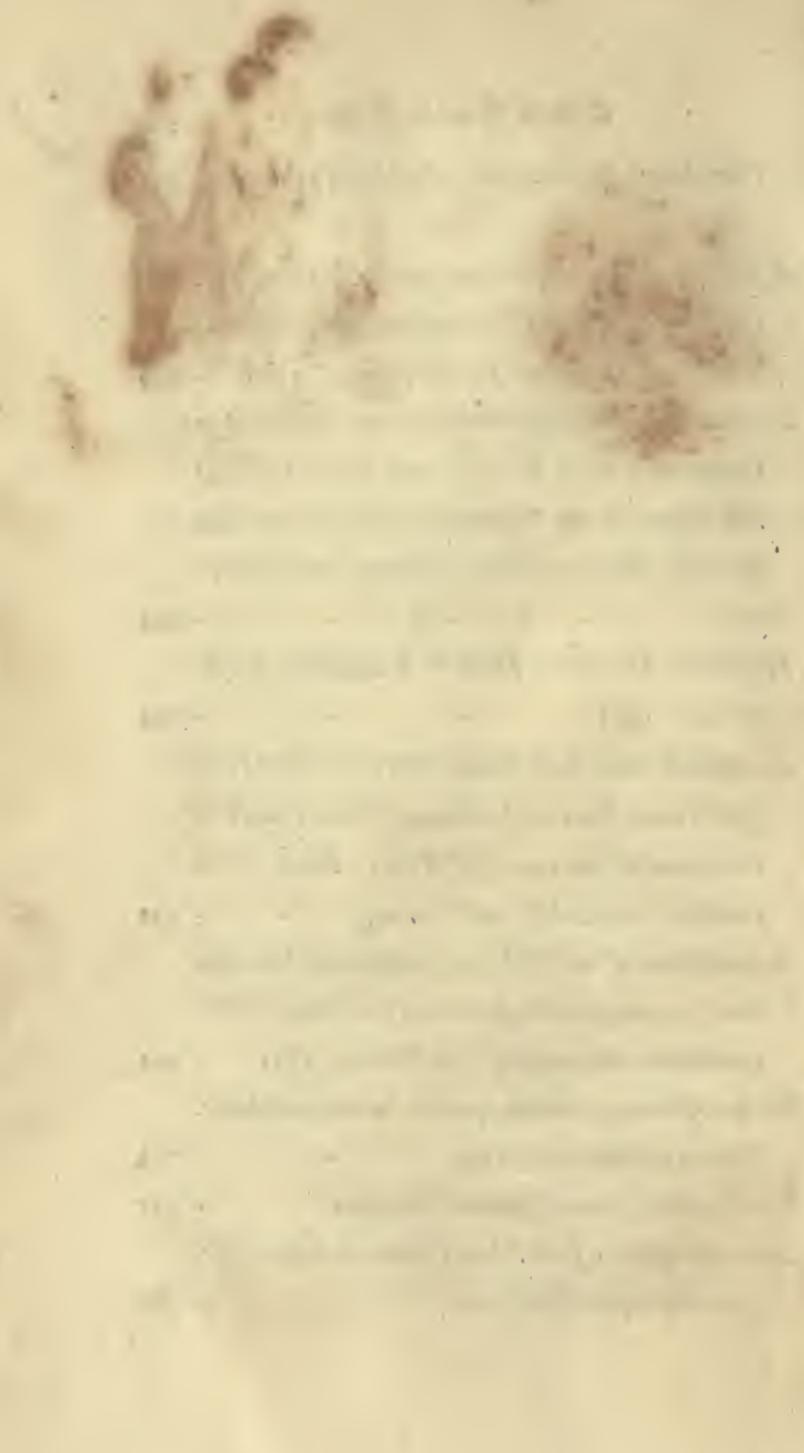
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THE  
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE FIRST

CONTINUED.

G R O N G A R H I L L:

BY JOHN DYER, LL. B. \*

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye !  
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie  
On the mountain's lonely van,  
Beyond the noise of busy man,  
Painting fair the form of things,  
While the yellow linnet sings ;

\* Born 1700 ; dyed 1758.

VOL. II.

A

Or the tuneful nightingale  
Charms the forest with her tale ;  
Come, with all thy various hues,  
Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;  
Now while Phœbus riding high  
Gives lustre to the land and sky !  
Grongar Hill invites my song,  
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
For the modest Muses made,  
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,  
At the fountain of a rill,  
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,  
With my hand beneath my head ;  
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
Over mead, and over wood,  
From house to house, from hill to hill,  
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,  
And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,  
And visfoes shooting beams of day :  
Wide and wider spreads the vale ;  
As circles on a smooth canal :  
The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
Sooner or later, of all height,

Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
And lessen as the others rise :  
Still the prospect wider spreads,  
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
Still it widens, widens still,  
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

35

Now I gain the mountain's brow,  
What a landskip lies below !

No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
But the gay, the open scene  
Does the face of nature show,  
In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
And, swelling to embrace the light,  
Spreads around beneath the sight.

45

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
Proudly tow'ring in the skies !  
Rushing from the woods, the spires  
Seem from hence ascending fires !  
Half his beams Apollo sheds  
On the yellow mountain-heads !  
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks :  
And glitters on the broken rocks !

50

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes :  
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
The slender fir, that taper grows,  
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.

55

60

And beyond the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !  
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,      65  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye !  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,      70  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,  
 That cast an aweful look below ;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
 So both a safety from the wind      75  
 On mutual dependence find.  
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;  
 And there the fox securely feeds ;  
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,      80 }  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds.  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,      85  
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,      }  
 Big with the vanity of state ;  
 But transient is the smile of fate !  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun-beam in a winter's-day,      90

Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,  
'Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life to endless sleep !  
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wand'ring thought ;  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view !

The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
The woody vallies, warm and low ;  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky !  
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each give each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an *Æthiop*'s arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
Where the prospect opens wide,  
Where the evening gilds the tide ;  
How close and small the hedges lie !  
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !

A step methinks may pass the stream,  
So little distant dangers seem ;                           120  
So we mistake the future's face,  
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass ;  
As yon summits soft and fair,  
Clad in colours of the air,  
Which, to those who journey near,                           125  
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
Still we tread the same coarse way,  
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see :                           130  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
For, while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul :  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,                           135  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain-turf I lie ;  
While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings ;                   140  
While the waters murmur deep ;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with musick fill the sky,  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.                           145  
}

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will ;  
Search for Peace with all your skill :

Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor,  
In vain you search, she is not there ;      150  
In vain ye search the domes of care !  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,  
Ever by each other's side :      155  
And often, by the murm'ring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.      }



HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

IMITATED.

TO THE HON. PHILIP YORKE, ESQ.

SOON AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION

IN 1747.

BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.\*

FOR quiet, Yorke, the sailor cries,  
When gathering storms obscure the skies,  
The stars no more appearing ;  
The candidate for quiet prays,  
Sick of the bumpers and huzzas  
Of blest electioneering.

Who thinks, that from the Speaker's chair  
The Serjeant's man can keep off care,  
Is wond'rously mistaken :  
Alas ! he is not half so blest  
As those, who've liberty, and rest,  
And dine on beans and bacon.

10

\* Born 170 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; dyed 1787.

Why should we then to London run,  
And quit our cheerful country sun  
For business, dirt, and smoke ?      15  
Can we, by changing place and air,  
Ourselves get rid of, or our care ?  
In troth 'tis all a joke.

Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,  
And mounts behind the General's horse,      20  
Outstrips hussars and pandours ;  
Far swifter than the bounding hind,  
Swifter than clouds before the wind,  
Or Cope \* before th' Highlanders.

A man, when once he's safely chose,      25  
Should laugh at all his threatening foes,  
Nor think of future evil :  
Each good has its attendant ill ;  
A seat is no bad thing, but still  
Elections are the devil.      30

Its gifts, with hand impartial, Heav'n  
Divides : to Orford it was giv'n  
To die in full-blown glory ;  
To Bath indeed a longer date,  
But then with unrelenting hate      35  
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.

\* General Cope, in the year 1745, had made a very precipitate retreat, before the rebel army, from Preston Pans to ' Haddington.'

The gods to you with bounteous hand  
 Have granted seats, and parks, and land ;  
 Brocades and silks you wear ;  
 With claret and ragouts you treat,                  40  
 Six neighing steeds, with nimble feet,  
 Whirl on your gilded car.

To me they've giv'n a small retreat,  
 Good port and mutton, best of meat,  
 With broad-cloth on my shoulders,                  45  
 A soul that scorns a dirty job,  
 Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,  
 I mean who a' n't freeholders.



### THE WAY TO BE WISE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

BY THE SAME.

Poor Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,  
 Having by man been led astray,  
 To nunn'ry dark retir'd ;  
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,  
 So seldom eat, so often pray'd,                  5  
 She was by all admir'd.

The lady Abbes oft would cry,  
If any sister trod awry,  
Or prov'd an idle flattern ;  
See wise and pious mrs. Jane,  
A life so strict, so grave a mien,  
Is sure a worthy pattern.

A pert young slut at length replies,  
Experience, madam, makes folks wise,  
. 'Tis that has made her such ;                           15  
And we, poor souls, no doubt shou'd be  
As pious, and as wise, as she,  
If we had seen as much.



A

PIPE OF TOBACCO:

IN IMITATION OF

SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.\*

IMITATION I.

[COLLEY CIBBER, POET LAUREAT.]

*Laudes egregii Cæsaris—*

*Culpâ detercere ingeni.*

HOR.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

' RECITATIVO.'

OLD Battle-array, big with horror, is fied,  
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.  
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the blessing of peace;  
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

\* Born 1705; dyed 1760.

## AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,        5  
 TOBACCO tempers Phœbus' ire,  
 When wintry storms around us beat,  
 TOBACCO chears with gentle fire.  
 Yellow autumn, youthful spring,  
 In thy praises jointly sing.        10

## RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN  
 fleets,  
 Fraught wth TOBACCO's balmy sweets :  
 Old Ocean trembles at BRITANNIA's pow'r,  
 And Boreas is afraid to roar.

## AIR.

Happy mortal ! he who knows        15  
 Pleasure which a PIPE bestows ;  
 Curling eddies climb the room,  
 Wafting round a mild perfume.

## RECITATIVO.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,  
 While wastes of war deform the teeming coast ; 20  
 BRITANNIA, distant from each hostile sound,  
 Enjoys a PIPE, with ease and freedom crown'd ;  
 E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,  
 Or if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

## AIR.

Smiling years, that gayly run  
 Round the Zodiack with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.

BRITAIN's sons no longer now  
 Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,  
 Nor of crimson combat think,  
 But securely smoke and drink.

25

30

## CHORUS.

Smiling years that gayly run  
 Round the Zodiack with the sun,  
 Tell, if ever you have seen  
 Realms so quiet and serene.

35

## IMITATION II.\*

[AMBROSE PHILIPS.]

*Tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras.* VIRG.

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,  
 Charmer of an idle hour,  
 Object of my warm desire,  
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire :

\* This imitation was supplied, and the plan suggested, by dr. John Hoadley. See abp HERRINGS "Letters to W. DUNCOMBE, esq." p. 33.

And thy snowy taper waist,  
With my finger gently brac'd ;  
And thy pretty swelling crest,  
With my little stopper prest,  
And the sweetest bliss of blisles,  
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.  
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,  
Happiest he of happy men ;  
Who when agen the night returns,  
When agen the taper burns ;  
When agen the cricket's gay,  
(Little cricket, full of play)  
Can afford his tube to feed,  
With the fragrant INDIAN weed :  
Pleasure for a nose divine,  
Incense of the god of wine.  
Happy thrice and thrice agen,  
Happiest he of happy men.

5

10

15

20

## IMITATION III.

[THOMSON.]

*—Prorumpit ad æthera nubem.**Turbine sumantem piceo.*

VIRG.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,  
TOBACCO, fountain pure of <sup>a</sup> limpid truth,

<sup>a</sup> *Pocæa on Liberty*, ver. 12.

*That looks the very soul ; whence pouring thought  
Swarms all the mind ; absorpt is yellow care,*

*b And at each puff imagination burus.* 5

*Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires,  
Touch the mysterious lip, that chaunts thy praise  
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.*

*Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines  
Of ductile clay, with <sup>c</sup> plastic virtue form'd, 10  
And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.*

*From <sup>d</sup> Pætotbecke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,*

*\* Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd,  
Each parent ray ; then rudely ram'd illume,  
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,* 15

*<sup>e</sup> Mark'd with Gibsonian lore r forth issue clouds,  
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,  
And many-mining fires : I all the while,  
Lolling at ease, <sup>f</sup> inhale the breezy balm.*

*But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join 20  
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,*

*<sup>g</sup> Stream life and joy into the Muses bowl,  
Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou  
My Muse ; oh fan with me thy zephyrs boon,  
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd, 25  
Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.*

*b Poem on Liberty, ver. 16. c Ibid. ver. 104. d A  
poetical word for a tobacco box. e Poem on Liberty, ver.  
243. 245. f Ibid. ver. 247. g Ibid. ver. 309. h Ibid.  
ver. 171.*

## IMITATION IV.

[YOUNG.]

—*Bullatis mibi nugis,  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.* PERS.

C R I T I C S avaunt; TOBACCO is my theme;  
 Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam.  
 And you, court-insects, flutter not too near  
 Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.  
 P O L L I O, with flame like thine, my verse inspire, 5  
 So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.  
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;  
 Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:  
 Lord F O P L I N smokes not—for his teeth afraid:  
 Sir T A W D R Y smokes not—for he wears brocade. 10  
 Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;  
 They love no smoke, except the smoke of town:  
 But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,  
 Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!  
 Its foes but shew their ignorance; can he 15  
 Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?  
 The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)  
 Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—spit.  
 C I T R O N I A vows it has an odious stink;  
 She will not smoke (ye gods!) but she will drink: 20

And chaste PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)  
 Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man :  
 Yet crouds remain, who still its worth proclaim,  
 While some for pleasure, smoke and some for fame :  
 Fame, of our actions universal spring,        25  
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—ev'ry thing.

## IMITATION V.

[POPE.]

*Solis ad ortus**Vanescit fumus.*

LUCAN.

BLEST leaf! whose aromatick gales dispense  
 To templars modesty, to parsons sense :  
 So raptur'd priests, at fam'd DODONA's shrine,  
 Drank inspiration from the steam divine.  
 Poisn that cures, a vapour that affords        5  
 Content, more solid than the smile of lords :  
 Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,  
 The last kind refuge of the WISE and GOOD.  
 Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale  
 Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.    10  
 By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,  
 Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.  
 Nor les the critick owns thy genial aid,  
 While supperless he plies the piddling trade.

What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,      15  
 By ladies hated, hated by the beau,  
 Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,  
 Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.  
 Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,  
 And let me taste thee unexercis'd by kings.      20

## IMITATION VI.

[SWIFT.]

*Ex fumo dare lucem.*      HOR.

Boy ! bring an ounce of FREEMAN's best,  
 And bid the vicar be my guest :  
 Let all be plac'd in order due,  
 A pot wherein to spit or spue,  
 And London Journal, and Free Briton,      5  
 Of use to light a pipe, or \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
 This village, unmolested yet  
 By troopers, shall be my retreat :      10  
 Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray ;  
 Who cannot write or vote for \*.  
 Far from the vermin of the town,  
 Here let me rather live, my own,  
 Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland      15  
 In sweet oblivion lulls the land ;

Of all which at Vienna passes,  
As ignorant as \* \* Brass is :  
And scorning rascals to carefs,  
Extol the days of good Queen BESS,      20  
When first TOBACCO blest our isle,  
Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come jovial pipe, and bring along  
Midnight revelry and song ;  
The merry catch, the madrigal,      25  
That echoes sweet in City Hall ;  
The parson's pun, the smutty tale  
Of country justice o'er his ale.  
I ask not what the French are doing,  
Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin :      30  
Britons, if undone, can go  
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.



## FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

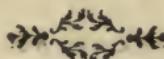
WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORLAND'S  
HERMITAGE.

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.<sup>\*</sup>

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,  
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall ;  
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,  
Beslow'd with ' pyes' of perigord ;  
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies ;  
Sweet Agnes grant to father Francis.  
Let me ne more myself deceive ;  
Ne more regret the toys I leave,  
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,  
Corruption's and Ambition's train ;  
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,  
'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne pray'r ;  
But such aye welcome to my cell,  
And oft, not always, with me dwell.  
Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,  
And bless from fools this holy ground ;  
From all the foes to worth and truth,  
From wanton old, and homely youth,

\* Born 1706; dyed 1756.

The gravely dull, and pertly gay,  
 Oh banish these ; and, by my fay,  
 Right well I ween that, in this age,  
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.



### AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH these moss-grown roots, this rustick cell,  
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;  
 Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,  
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?



### AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,  
 Pursue unharmed thy sylvan lay ;  
 While I, beneath this breezy shade,  
 In peace repose my careless head ;  
 And joining thy enraptur'd song,  
 Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,  
 That the contented harmleſs breast  
 In solitude itself is bleſt.

VERSES,  
MAKING  
PART OF AN EPITAPH,  
ON ‘HIS’ LADY.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.\*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;  
Though meek, magnanimous ; though witty, wise ;  
Polite, as all her life in courts had been ;  
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;  
The noble fire of an exalted mind, 5  
With gentle female tenderness combin’d.  
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,  
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;  
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ; 10  
Her form each beauty of her mind express’d,  
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress’d.

\* Born 1708; dyed 1773.

L O N D O N.  
IN IMITATION OF THE  
THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.\*

— *Quis ineptæ  
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?* JUV.

THO' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,  
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,  
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far, 5  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,  
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand? 10  
There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:

\* Born 1709; dyed 1784.

V. 2. THALES is Richard Savage (see vol. 1. p. 339.) who "left London in July 1739, and parted from the author with tears in his eyes." See his Life.

Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;  
 Their ambush here relentless russians lay,      15  
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;  
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While THALES waits the wherry that contains  
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,      20  
 On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,  
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood :  
 Struck with the seat that gave \* Eliza birth,  
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,      25  
 And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain.  
 Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppres'd,  
 Or English honour grew a standing jest.      30

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
 And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
 At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,  
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days 35  
 Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;  
 In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
 Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;  
 Since hope but sooths to double my distrefs,  
 And ev'ry moment leaves my little less ;      40

\* Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich.

While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,  
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;  
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,  
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;  
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play, 45  
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay ;  
Where once the harrass'd Briton found repose,  
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;  
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give.  
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live. 50  
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite  
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;  
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
And plead for pirates in the face of day ;  
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, 55  
And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,  
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,  
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age. 60

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall  
hold ?

What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?  
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.  
To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n, 65  
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :  
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?

Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he sing,  
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;      70  
A statesman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,  
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;  
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,      75  
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;  
With more address a lover's note convey,  
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue  
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong, 80  
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears ?  
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.  
But thou, should tempting villainy present,      85  
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,  
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,  
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,  
The peaceful slumber, self-approving-day,  
Unfullied fame, and conscience ever gay,      90

The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see !  
Mark whom the great carefs, who frown on me !  
**LONDON** ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
The common shore of Paris, and of Rome ;  
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,      95  
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious EDWARD ! from the realms of day,  
The land of heroes and of saints survey ; 100  
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,  
But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,  
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;  
Since, freedom, piety, refin'd away, 105  
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel ;  
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
Their air, their dress, their politicks import ; 110  
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
On Britain's fond credulity they play.  
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, and cure a clap;  
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, 115  
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
I drew the breath of life in English air ;  
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
And lisped the tales of HENRY's victories ; 120  
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
And flattery subdues when arms are vain ?  
Studiois to please, and ready to submit,  
The supple Gaul was born a parasite :

Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes, 125  
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;  
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,  
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.  
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye, 130 }  
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age  
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :  
Well may they venture on the mimick's art,  
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part; 135  
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;  
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,  
And view each object with another's eye ;  
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear, 140  
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,  
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.  
How, when competitors like these contend,  
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ? 145  
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
And lye without a blush, without a smile ;  
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,  
Your taste in snuff, your judgement in a whore ;  
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear 150  
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.  
For arts like these prefer'd, admir'd, caress'd,  
They first invade your table, then your breast ;

Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart; 155  
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.  
This, only this, the rigid law pursues, 160  
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.  
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,  
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;  
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,  
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways. 165  
Of all the ‘grieves’ that harrass the distress'd,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;  
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor, 170  
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?  
No secret island in the boundles main ?  
No peaceful desart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN ?  
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
And bear oppression's insolence no more. 175

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,  
**SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DE-  
PRESS'D :**

But here more flow, where all are slaves to gold,  
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are fold ;  
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd, 180  
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark ! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies :  
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and  
power,

Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r, 185  
Aghast you start, and scarce with aking fight  
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;  
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey ;  
Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam, 195  
For where can starving merit find a home ?  
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,  
And spread his flaming palace on the ground, 195  
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,  
And publick mournings pacify the skies ;  
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,  
How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;  
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band 205  
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.  
See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;  
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,  
And raise his treasures higher than before : 205  
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,  
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,

Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,  
And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

Could'st thou resign the park and play content, 210  
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;  
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,  
Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;  
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ; 215  
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,  
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;  
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,{  
Despise the dainties of a venal lord ;  
There ev'ry bush with nature's musick rings, 220  
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings ;  
On all thy hours security shall smile,  
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,  
And sign your will before you sup from home. 225

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;  
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay, 230  
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;  
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train, and golden coach. 235

In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,  
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :  
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar ;  
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,      240  
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;  
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,  
To rig another convoy for the k—g.

A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain ;  
Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,    250  
Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword ;  
No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,  
The tide retiring, calls me from the land :    255  
Farewel !—When youth, and health, and fortune  
spent,

Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent ;  
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,  
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times ;  
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,    260  
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;  
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

## LOVE ELEGIES.

BY JAMES HAMMOND, ESQ.\*

HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEÆRA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,  
And golden torrents stream from every part,  
That craving bosom still wou'd heave for more,  
Not all the gods cou'd satisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain  
My honest love, the mighty wrong repay,  
May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,  
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey: 5

May all the youths, like me, by love deceived,  
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom; 10  
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be grieved,  
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,  
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,  
Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade, 15  
In every friend to love, a friend shall find:

\* Born 1710; dyed 1742.

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,  
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,  
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,  
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep :      20

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,  
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,  
 Then, home returning, drop the pious tear,  
 And bid the turf lie easy on her breast.



TO HIS FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE  
 CONFINEMENT OF A LONG INDISPOS-  
 TION.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,  
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer-day,  
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractised maid,  
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray :

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled,      5  
 Lonely and sick on death is all my thought,  
 Oh, spare, Persephone\*, this guiltless head,  
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd,  
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ; 10  
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,  
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face :

\* The goddess of death.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast,  
 This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane ;  
 I ne'er disturb'd the gods' eternal rest      15  
 With curses loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,  
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand ;  
 Ah, why so soon the tender blossom tear ?  
 Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.    20

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy shades below  
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round ;  
 Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,  
 And musing hearken to their solemn sound :

Oh, let me still enjoy the cheerful day ;  
 Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,  
 Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,  
 And tell how much we loved, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with festive garlands crown'd,  
 In chase of pleasure the gay moments spend, 30  
 By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,  
 And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.



## VERSES

TO MR. BROOKE, ON THE REFUSAL OF A  
LICENCE TO HIS PLAY OF GUSTAVUS  
VASA.

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ. \*

WHILE *Athens* glory'd in her free-born race,  
And Science flourish'd round her fav'rite place,  
The Muse unfetter'd trod the *Grecian* stage ;  
Free were her pinions, unrestrain'd her rage :  
Bold and secure she aim'd the pointed dart,      5  
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,  
Till dire Dominion stretch'd her lawless sway,  
And *Athens'* sons were destin'd to obey :  
Then first the Stage a Licens'd Bondage knew,  
And Tyrants quash'd the scene they fear'd to view: 10  
Fair *Freedom*'s voice no more was heard to charm,  
Or *Liberty* the *Attic* audience warm.

Then fled the Muse, indignant, from the shore,  
Nor deign'd to dwell where *Freedom* was no more :  
Vain then, alas ! she sought *Britannia*'s isle,      15  
Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with her  
If *Gallic* laws her gen'rous flight restrain, [smile,  
And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain ;

\* Born 1710; dyed 1774.

Bold and unlicens'd, in ELIZA's days,  
 Free flow'd her numbers, flourish'd fair her bays; 20  
 O'er Britain's Stage majestic, unconfin'd,  
 She tun'd her Patriot lessons to mankind;  
 For mighty Heroes ransack'd ev'ry age,  
 Then beam'd them glorious in her SHAKESPEARE's page.

SHAKESPEARE's no more!—lost was the Poet's  
 name, 25

Till Thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to Fame;  
 Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,  
 You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb,  
 Taught the declining Muse again to soar,  
 And to Britannia gave one Poet more. 30

Pleas'd, in thy lays we see GUSTAVUS live;  
 But, O GUSTAVUS! if thou can't, forgive.  
 Britons, more savage than the tyrant Dane,  
 Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain,  
 Degen'rate Britons, by thy worth dismay'd, 35  
 Prophane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.



## E L E G Y.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.<sup>\*</sup>

HE ARRIVES AT HIS RETIREMENT IN THE  
COUNTRY, AND TAKES OCCASION TO  
EXPATIATE IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY.  
TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,  
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell ;  
Now 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise ;  
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that Genius, which secures my rest,      5  
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear !  
Ne'er may my vintage glad the Fordid breast ;  
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere !

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart !  
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name ! 10  
Hence ! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,  
But mourns, in labour'd strains, the price of fame !

O lov'd simplicity ! be thine the prize !  
Affiduous art correct her page in vain !  
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,      15  
Contemns the pow'r, the dull resource to feign !

\* Born 1714; dyed 1763.

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears  
 For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn !  
 Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,  
 For praise, for flatt'ry sighing, sigh forlorn ! 20

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,  
 'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme ;  
 Ah ! never could Aonia's hill disclose  
 So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards ! intent with artful pains 25  
 To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear !  
 Forego your Pindus, and on — plains  
 Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

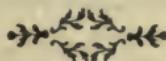
But thou, my friend ! while in thy youthful soul  
 Love's gentle tyrant seats his aweful throne, 30  
 While from thy bosom—let not art controul  
 The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace  
 The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd !  
 " Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face !  
 " Such the soft image of our youthful mind !

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bow'rs,  
 The loves and graces steal unseen away ;  
 And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flow'rs,  
 We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay ! 40

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair ;  
 Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms ;  
 Paint thy proud scorn of ev'ry vulgar care,  
 When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with CEnone thou hast worn the day, 45  
 Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove ;  
 If in the grove CEnone lov'd to stray,  
 The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.



THE  
SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE SAME.

“ *Auditæ voces, vagitus & ingens,*  
 “ *Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.*” VIRG.

ADVERTISMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on *this occasion*, are his *language*, his *simplicity*, his manner of *description*, and a peculiar *tenderness of sentiment* remarkable throughout his works.

AH me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
 To think how modest worth neglected lies ;

While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;  
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise :  
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try  
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies ;  
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,  
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire, 10  
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name ;  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame ;  
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent, 15  
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame;  
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
Which learning near her little dome did stowe ; 20  
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow ;  
And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat  
low ; 25  
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,  
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)  
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd ;  
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave, 30  
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;  
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look  
aghast ;  
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy  
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !  
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy, 35  
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;  
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ; 40  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray :  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her whee  
around. 45

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :  
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field :  
And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield 50  
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,  
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd ;

And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,  
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pour-  
tray'd,

55

The childish faces of old Eol's train ;  
Libs, Notus, Auſter \* : these in frowns array'd,  
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,  
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?  
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;      65  
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;  
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare ;      70  
For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight  
on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;      75

\* The south-w<sup>e</sup>ſt, south, &c. &c.

Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:  
Ne would esteem him a<sup>t</sup> as mought behove,  
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:  
For never title yet so mean could prove,      80  
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

Oae ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;  
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ; 85  
Such favour did her past deportment claim :  
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she  
found.      90

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak  
That in her garden sip'd the silv'ry dew ;  
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak ;  
But herbs for use, and physick, not a few,  
Of grey renown, within those borders grew : 95  
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and mary-gold of chearful hue ;  
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb ;  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to  
rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,      100  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;

And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's  
wound ;  
And marjra'm sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;  
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom 105  
Shall be ere-while, in arid bundles bound,  
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare  
perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd  
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ; 110  
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
A sacred shelter for its branches here ;  
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
Oh wassel days ! O customs meet and well !  
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere : 115  
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,  
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling  
dwell.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent eve,  
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;  
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave, 120  
But in her garden found a summer-seat : ..  
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,

All, for the nonce, untuning ev'ry string, 125  
 Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they  
 to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;  
 And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore [130  
 The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed ;  
 And tortious death was true devotion's meed ;  
 And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That nould on wooden image place her creed ;  
 And lawny saints in should'ring flames did burn :  
 Ah ! dearest lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er  
 return. 135

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,  
 The matron sate ; and some with rank she  
     grac'd, 140  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;  
 And warned them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ; 145  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;

And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold, 150  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command !  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair; 155  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are ;  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :  
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare ; 160  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !  
 As erſt the \* bard by Mulla's silver stream, 165  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin, 170  
 Fair as the fury coat of whiteſt ermilin.

O ruthful scene ! when, from a nook obscure,  
 His little ſister doth his peril fee,

\* Spenser.

All playful as she fate, she grows demure ;  
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ; 175  
She meditates a pray'r to set him free :  
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny  
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die. 180

No longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
And hardly she forbears, thro' aweful fear,  
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear ! 185  
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;  
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
Or what device his loud laments explain ? [190  
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?  
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain ?  
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame, 195  
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;  
Or when from high she levels well her aim,  
And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke  
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,  
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care : 200  
 By turns, astony'd, ev'ry twig survey,  
 And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware ;  
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;  
 'Till fear has taught them a performance meet,  
 And to the well-known cheft the dame repair ; 205  
 Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,  
 And ginger-bread y-rare; now, certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,  
 And in beseemly order fitten there ;  
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he 210  
 Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and chair;  
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)  
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,  
 Convulsions intermitting ! does declare  
 His grievous wrong ; his dame's unjust behest ; 215  
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His eye besprent with liquid crystal shines,  
 His blooming face that seems a purple flow'r,  
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,  
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r. 220  
 O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r !  
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,  
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour :  
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r, shall  
 claim,  
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame. 225

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,  
 Mindless of food he, dreary caitiff ! pines ;  
 Ne for his fellow's joyaunce careth aught,  
 But to the wind all merriment resigns ;  
 And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines ; 223  
 And many a sullen look ascance is sent,  
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;  
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,  
 The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent :

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be ! 235  
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,  
 Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,  
 Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :  
 Ah ! better far than all the muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ; 240  
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,  
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show 245  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellour in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so, [die !  
 As Milton, Shakespear, names that ne'er shall  
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low, 250  
 Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,  
 Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
Shall Dennis be ! if rigid fate incline,      255  
And many an epic to his rage shall yield ;  
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;  
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,  
Surveys minework ; and levels many a sneer, 260  
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, " What stuff  
[is here?"]

But now Dan Phoebus gains the middle skie,  
And liberty unbars her prison-door ;  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er 265  
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar ;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,  
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun. 270

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,  
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs ;  
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid ;  
For never may ye taste more careless hours  
In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.      275  
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
But most in courts where proud ambition tow'rs ;  
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear! 280  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
 Those faun'tring on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend, 285  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
 Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ; 290  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
 And here of lovely dye, the cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween. 295  
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,  
 Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances  
 round, 300  
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside ;  
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide,  
 'The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,  
 And here each season do those cakes abide, [305  
 Whose honour'd names \* th' inventive city own,  
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises  
 known.

\* Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride  
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd, [310  
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :  
 Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !  
 A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,  
 Who chearles o'er her darkling region stray ;  
 Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.



## I N S C R I P T I O N .

ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

BY THE SAME.

O you that bathe in courtlye blysse,  
 Or toyle in fortune's giddy spheare ;  
 Do not too rashlye deeme amyssse  
 Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,                       5  
 Which o'er each carelesse lymb he flyngs :  
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,  
 In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,  
Devoide of worldlye cark he stray :                   10  
Or all beside some flowerye lawne,  
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,  
If such in courtlye haunt he see :  
For faults there beene in busye life,                   15  
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.



O D E  
TO THE  
T I B E R.

ON ENTERING THE CAMPANIA OF ROME,  
AT OTRICOLI,

M D C C L V.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT. \*

I.

HAIL sacred stream, whose waters roll  
Immortal thro' the classic page !  
To Thee the Muse-devoted soul,  
Tho' destin'd to a later age  
And less indulgent clime, to thee,  
(Nor thou disdain) in Runic lays  
Weak mimic of true harmony,  
His grateful homage pays.  
Far other strains thine elder ear  
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,  
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,  
And he, who led th' Aonian quire

5

10

\* Born 1715; dyed 1785.

From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,  
Taught echo from thy banks with transport to re-  
sound.

Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene, 15

This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,

Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,

And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?

Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,

Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd, 20

And health at opening day

Bade all her roseate breezes fly,

To wake the sons of industry,

And make their fields more gay?

## II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,

25

The swelling dome's imperial gleam,

Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,

And tremble in thy golden stream?

Where are the bold, the busy throngs,

That rush'd impatient to the war,

30

Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,

And hail'd the passing car?

Along the solitary \* road,

Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,

We muse, and mark the sad decays

35

Of mighty works, and mighty days!

\* The Flaminian way.

For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed  
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these CAMIL-  
 LUS bleed ?

Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,

The musing shepherd from Soracte's height 40  
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,

And temples rise, and peopled farms unite ?

They did. For this deserted plain

The hero strove, nor strove in vain ;

And here the shepherd saw

Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,  
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,

And gave the nations law.

45

50

55

60

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great.

And still, ye first of human things, 50

Beyond the grasp of time or fate,

Her fame and thine triumphant springs.

What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,

And strow the desert earth beneath,

Tho' ivy round each nodding wall

Entwine it's fatal wreath,

Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast

The numerous glories thou hast lost ?

Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,

Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,

Produce from old records of genuine fame

Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name ?

### III.

Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here ;  
 From every ruin's formidable shade  
 Eternal music breathes on fancy's ear,         65  
 And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.

Thy CÆSARS, SCIPIOS, CATOS rise,  
 The great, the virtuous, and the wise,  
 In solemn state advance !  
 They fix the philosophic eye,         70  
 Or trail the robe, or lift on high  
 The light'ning of the lance.

## IV.

But chief that humbler happier train,  
 Who knew those virtues to reward  
 Beyond the reach of chance or pain         75  
 Secure, th' historian and the bard.  
 By them the hero's generous rage  
 Still warm in youth immortal lives ;  
 And in their adamantine page  
 Thy glory still survives.         80

Thro' deep savannahs wild and vast,  
 Unheard, unknown thro' ages past,  
 Beneath the sun's directer beams,  
 What copious torrents pour their streams !  
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn, 85  
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.  
 Whilst thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,  
 Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,

Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,  
Thy wond'rous tale, and clear the list'ning  
waste. 90

Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North  
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,  
Yet still thy laurels bloom :  
One deathless glory still remains,  
Thy stream *has* roll'd thro' Latian plains, 95  
*Has* wash'd the walls of Rome.



A N   O D E  
ON THE  
DEATH OF MR. PELHAM.  
BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.\*

*An honest man's the noblest work of God!* POPE.

LET others hail the rising sun,  
I bow to that whose course is run,  
Which sets in endless night ;  
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,  
Made peaceful Nature round us smile,      5  
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,  
No future prospects prompt my lays,  
From real grief they flow ;  
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,      10  
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,  
And join a nation's woe.

See —— as you pass the crowded street,  
Despondence clouds each face you meet,  
All their lost friend deplore :      15  
You read in every penive eye,  
You hear in ev'ry broken sigh,  
That Pelham is no more.

\* Born 1716; dyed 1779.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd,  
Whom but his distant influence warm'd,      20  
What grief their breasts must rend,  
Who in his private virtues blefs'd,  
By Nature's dearest tyes possess'd  
The Husband, Father, Friend.

What ! mute ye bards ?—no mournful verse,      25  
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,  
To crown the good and just ?  
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,  
You seek no pensions from the tomb,  
No laurels from the dust.      30

When pow'r departed with his breath,  
The sons of Flatt'ry fled from death :  
Such insects swarm at noon.  
Not for herself my Muse is griev'd,  
She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,      35  
One ministerial boon.

Hath some peculiar strange offence  
Against us arm'd Omnipotence,  
To check the nation's pride !  
Behold th' appointed punishment !      40  
At length the vengeful bolt is sent,  
It fell —— when Pelham dy'd !

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,  
When Vice triumphant rears her head,

Vengeance can sleep no more ;

The evil angel stalks at large,

The good submits, resigns his charge,

And quits th' unhallow'd shore.

45

The same sad morn \* to church and state,  
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)

50

A double stroke was giv'n ;

Black as the whirlwinds of the north,

St. J—n's fell Genius issu'd forth,

And Pelham fled to heav'n !

By angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs,  
Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,

55

Nor guilt nor pain they knew ;

But on the day which usher'd in

The hell-born train of mortal sin,

The heav'ly guards withdrew.

60

Look down, much honour'd shade, below !

Still let thy pity aid our woe ;

Stretch out thy healing hand ;

Resume those feelings, which on earth

Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,

65.

And sav'd a sinking land.

\* The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of a late lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,  
 The breasts of all thy friends : descry  
     What there has got possession.  
 See if thy unsuspecting heart                  70  
 In some for truth mistook not art,  
     For principle, profession.

From these, the pests of human kind,  
 Whom royal bounty cannot bind,  
     Protect our parent King :                  75  
 Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,  
 Drag forth the vipers into light,  
     And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honours share,  
 Again exert thy guardian care,                  80  
     Each venom'd heart disclose ;  
 On Him, on Him, our all depends,  
 Oh save him from his treach'rous friends,  
     He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,                  85  
 Still let thy prudence be his guide,  
     To stain the troubled wave ;  
 But chiefly whisper in his ear,  
 " That **G E O R G E** is open, just, sincere,  
     " And dares to scorn a knave."                  90

No selfish views t' oppress mankind,  
 No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,  
     To purchase fame with blood ;  
 Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat ;  
 Convinc'd that to be truly great  
     Is only to be good.

95

To hear no lawless passion's call,  
 To serve thy King, yet feel for all,  
     Such was thy glorious plan !  
 Wisdom with gen'rrous love took part ;  
 Together work thy head and heart,  
     The Minister and Man.

100

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth ;  
 Strangle bold faction in its birth ;  
     Be Britain's weal your view !  
 For this great end let all combine,  
 Let virtue link each fair design,  
     And Pelham live in you.

105



## AD AMICOS.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ. \*

YEs happy youths, on Camus' sedgy fide,  
You feel each joy that friendship can divide ;  
Each realm of science and of art explore,  
And with the antient blend the modern lore.  
Studiois alone to learn whate'er may tend      5  
To raise, the genius, or the heart to mend ;  
Now pleas'd along the cloyster'd walk you rove,  
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,  
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse  
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muse.      10  
Mean time at me (while all devoid of art  
These lines give back the image of my heart)  
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,  
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;

\* Born 1716; dyed 1742. This poem is in imitation of the 5th Elegy of the 3d book of Tibullus, and of a letter of Mr. Pope, in sickness, to Mr. Steel. "Almost all Tibullus's Elegy," Mr. Mason observes, "is imitated in this little piece, from whence the transition to Mr. Popes letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years." It was written before 21. The reader may compare this with another imitation of the same elegy by Mr. Hammond. (See p. 35.)

From you remote, methinks, alone I stand      15  
 Like some sad exile in a desert land ;  
 Around no friends their lenient care to join  
 In mutual warmth, and mix their hearts with mine.  
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,  
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;      20  
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,  
 Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just heav'n ! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,  
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb ?  
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life      25  
 Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife ?  
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,  
 Or madly violate my Maker's name ?  
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,  
 Or know a thought but all the world might know ? 30  
 As yet just started from the lists of time,  
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime ;  
 Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,  
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.  
 Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear, 35  
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year ;  
 Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,  
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray.  
 Stern Power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules  
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,      40  
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,  
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart ;

Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,  
 Shake in my head, and falter in my pace ;  
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,      45  
 And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye !  
 Born in this moment, in the next we die ;  
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,  
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.      50  
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise,  
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise ;  
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,  
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.  
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,      55  
 And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing ;  
 'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed  
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,  
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,  
 Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies ; 60  
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,  
 And undermine the hollow bank below ;  
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,  
 Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.  
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,      65  
 And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh ?  
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.  
 For those the wretches I despise or hate,  
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.      70

For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread  
 His wings around my unrepining head,  
 I care not ; though this face be seen no more  
 The world will pass as cheerful as before,  
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,      75  
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear ;  
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,  
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air ;  
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,  
 Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.      80  
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)  
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.  
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,  
 Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend :  
 To them may these fond lines my name endear, 85  
 Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.



O D E  
ON A  
DISTANT PROSPECT.  
OF  
ETON COLLEGE.

BY THOMAS GRAY, ESQ. \*

"Ανθρωπος ἵκανη πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυτυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

Y e distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her HENRY's † holy Shade ;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way. 5 10

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,  
Ah fields belov'd in vain,

\* Born 1716; dyed 1771.

† King Henry the sixth, founder of the college.

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

15

20

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?  
The captive linnet which enthrall ?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chace the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball ?

25

30

While some on earnest business bent

Their murmur'ring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty :  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,

35

They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possest ;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast :  
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue ;  
Wild wit, invention ever-new,  
And lively clear of vigour born ;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play !  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day :  
Yet see how all around 'em wait  
The Ministers of human fate,  
And black Misfortune's hateful train !  
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand  
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !  
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind ;

Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,      65  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.      70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy ;  
 The stings of Falshood those shall try,      75  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
 And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.      80

Lo, in the yale of years beneath  
 A griesly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their Queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,      85  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.      90

To each his suff'ring : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?      95  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies.  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.      100



THE

## B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.<sup>2</sup>

BY THE SAME.

I. I.

' R UIN seize thee, ruthless King !  
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait,

<sup>2</sup> This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the 1st, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,  
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.  
 ‘ Helm, nor <sup>b</sup> Hauberk’s twisted mail,  
 ‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’  
 Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of <sup>c</sup> Snowdon’s shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout <sup>d</sup> Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance :  
 To arms ! cried <sup>e</sup> Mortimer, and couch’d his qui-  
 v’ring lance.

<sup>b</sup> The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

<sup>c</sup> Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by king Edward the first, says, “ Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Eryry;” and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) “ Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniae fecit erigi castrum forte.”

<sup>d</sup> Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son in law to king Edward.

<sup>e</sup> Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

## I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;  
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 (Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20  
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 \* Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,  
 \* Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath !  
 \* O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they  
     wave, 25  
 \* Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;  
 , Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 \* To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

\* Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 \* That hush'd the stormy main : 30  
 \* Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
 \* Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
 \* Modred, whose magic song  
 \* Made Hugh Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head,  
 \* On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35  
 \* Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
 \* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of  
 Anglesey.

- Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
- The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.
- Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
- Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
- Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
- Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
- No more I weep. They do not sleep.
- On yonder cliffs, a griesly band.
- I see them sit, they linger yet, 45
- Avengers of their native land :
- With me in dreadful harmony<sup>b</sup> they join, [line !
- And <sup>b</sup> weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy

<sup>a</sup> 'Camden,' and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the eagle's nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]

<sup>b</sup> See the Norwegian Ode, that follows. *The subject of this ode ought not, perhaps, to have been followed in The Bard. The Gothic manners had little, if any thing, in common with those of the Celts, who do not appear to have been even acquainted with the Runic mythology. Besides, in the time of Edw. I. it is well known, that these Welsh or British poets must, like the rest of their nation, have professed Christianity, with which the incantations here described seem altogether incompatible.*

## II. I.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race. 50  
 “ Give ample room, and verge enough  
 “ The characters of hell to trace.  
 “ Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 “ <sup>1</sup> When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 “ The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roofs  
     that ring ; 55  
 “ Shrieks of an agonizing King !  
 “ <sup>k</sup> She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 “ That tear’d the bowels of thy mangled Mate,  
 “ <sup>1</sup> From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs  
 “ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round  
     him wait ! 60  
 “ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d ;  
 “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
 “ <sup>m</sup> Low on his funeral couch he lies !

<sup>f</sup> Edward the second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.

<sup>k</sup> Isabel of France, Edward the second’s adulterous queen.

<sup>l</sup> Triumphs of Edward the third in France.

<sup>m</sup> Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his coutiers and his mistress.

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65  
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.  
“ Is the sable <sup>n</sup> Warrior fled ?  
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.  
“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were  
    born ?  
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn. 70  
“ Fair <sup>o</sup>laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,  
“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
“ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;  
“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;  
“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway, 75  
“ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-  
    ing-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
" The rich repast prepare :  
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :  
" Close by the regal chair

\* Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

- Magnificence of Richard the second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

P Richard the second (as we are told by archbishop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
“ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.  
“ Heard ye the din of a battle bray,  
“ Lance to lance, and horse to horse !  
“ Long Years of haveck urge their destin'd  
course, 85  
“ And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
“ Ye Towers of Julius<sup>r</sup>, London's lasting shame,  
“ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
“ Revere his <sup>s</sup>Consort's faith, his Father's <sup>t</sup>fame;  
“ And spare the meek <sup>u</sup>Usurper's holy head. 96  
“ Above, below, the <sup>v</sup>rose of snow,  
“ Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread :  
“ The bristled <sup>x</sup>Boar in infant-gore  
“ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

¶ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster;

<sup>r</sup> Henry the sixth, George duke of Clarence, Edward the fifth, Richard duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

<sup>s</sup> Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

<sup>t</sup> Henry the fifth.

<sup>u</sup> Henry the sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

<sup>v</sup> The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

<sup>x</sup> The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the third whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom, 95  
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his  
 " doom.

## III. i.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)  
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.)" 100  
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :  
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height  
 Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll ?  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
 Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !  
 No more our long-lost <sup>2</sup> Arthur we bewail,  
 All-hail, ye genuine <sup>3</sup> Kings; Britannia's Issue,  
 hail !

<sup>1</sup> Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

<sup>2</sup> It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

<sup>3</sup> Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor,

## III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
- ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
- ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
- ‘ In the midst a Form divine ! 115
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
- ‘ Her lyon port<sup>b</sup>, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play ! 120
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin<sup>c</sup>, hear ;
- ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many colour’d  
‘ wings.

## III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again 125
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,

<sup>b</sup> Speed, relating an audience given by queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, ‘ And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checkes’.

<sup>c</sup> Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the V1th century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

- ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dreft.
- ‘ In <sup>d</sup>buskin’d measures move
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
- ‘ A <sup>e</sup> Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
- ‘ <sup>f</sup> And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- ‘ That lost in long futurity expire. [cloud, 135
- ‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine
- ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day?
- ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
- ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
- ‘ Enough for me : With joy I see
- ‘ The different doom our Fates assign. 140
- ‘ Be thine Despair, and scept’red Care,
- ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

<sup>d</sup> Shakespeare.

<sup>e</sup> Milton.

<sup>f</sup> The succession of poets after Milton’s time.



THE  
FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.\*

BY THE SAME.

Now the Storm begins to lower,  
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)  
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

\* To be found in the ORCADES OF THORMODUS TOR-  
PAUS; HAFNIAE, 1697, folio: and also in BARTHOLINUS,  
VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

... For the better understanding 'this ode,' the reader is to be informed that in the eleventh century, *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Siftryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and *Siftryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness,

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,  
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

5

See the grisly texture grow,  
('Tis of human entrails made,)  
And the weights, that play below,  
Each a gasping Warrior's head,

10

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along.  
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,  
Keep the tissie close and strong.

15

in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons on horse-back, riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women : they were all employed about a loom ; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song ; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Kalky-rinx*, female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chasers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands ; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to '*Valballa*', the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave ; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Mista black, terrific Maid,  
 Sangrida, and Hilda see,  
 Join the wayward work to aid:  
 'Tis the woof of victory.

20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,  
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
 Let us go, and let us fly,  
 Where our Friends the conflict share,  
 Where they triumph, where they die.

25

As the paths of fate we tread  
 Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field:  
 Gondula, and Geira, spread  
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

30

We the reigns to slaughter give,  
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare:  
 Spite of danger he shall live.  
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

35

They, whom once the desert-beach  
 Pent within its bleak domain,  
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

40

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:  
Fate demands a nobler head;  
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

45

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see;  
Long her strains in sorrow steep,  
Strains of Immortality!

50

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.  
Sisters, weave the web of death;  
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!  
Songs of joy and triumph sing!  
Joy to the victorious bands;  
Triumph to the younger King.

55

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
Learn the tenour of our song.  
Scotland, thro' each winding vale  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

60

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:  
Each her thundering faulchion wield;  
Each bestride her fable steed.  
Hurry, hurry to the field.

65

## ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE SAME.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the right, 5  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;  
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain 10  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.  
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15  
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.  
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,      25  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !  
 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;      30  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.  
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.      35  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.  
 Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn 'aisle' and fretted  
 vault  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.      40  
 Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?  
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid      45  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.  
But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.  
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.  
Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60  
Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone 65  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,  
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.  
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life                    75  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.  
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.                    80  
'Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey.                85  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?  
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;            90  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.  
For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd Dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,                95  
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,  
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,  
‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.              100  
‘ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

- His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
- And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
- Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
- Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
- Or craz'd with care, or crost'd in hopeless love.
- One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
- Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree; 110
- Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
- Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
- The next with dirges due in sad array [115]
- Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born.
- Approach and read (for thou can't read) the lay,
- Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn.\*

### THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:

\* Between this line and the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted; because he thought (and in my own opinion very justly) that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however, are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen are show'sts of violets found;  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.    120  
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.  
No farther seek his merits to disclose,    125  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.



THE  
BLACK BIRD.

A MAKARONY FABLE.

BY JOHN HALL STEPHENSON, ESQ. \*

IN concert with the curfew bell,  
An Owl was chaunting Vespers in his cell ;  
Upon the outside of the wall,  
A Black Bird, famous in that age,  
From a bow window in the hall, 5  
Hung dangling in a wicker cage ;  
Instead of psalmody and pray'rs,  
Like those good children of St. Francis,  
He secularized all his airs,  
And took delight in Wanton Fancies. 10  
Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,  
Every thing was calm and still ;  
All nature seem'd rapp'd and enchanted,  
Except the querelous, unthankfull rill ;  
Unawed by this imposing scene, 15  
Our Black Bird the enchantment broke ;  
Flourish'd a sprightly air between,  
And whistled the Black Joke.

\* Born 1718; dyed 1785.

This lively unexpected motion  
Set nature in a gayer light ;  
Quite over-turn'd the Monks devotion,  
And scatter'd all the gloom of night.

I have been taught in early youth,  
By an expert Metaphysician,  
That ridicule's the test of truth,  
And only match for superstition.  
Imposing rogues, with looks demure,  
At Rome keep all the world in awe ;  
Wit is profane, learning impure,  
And reasoning against the Law.

Between two tapers and a book,  
Upon a dresser clean and neat,  
Behold a sacerdotal Cook,  
Cooking a dish of heavenly meat !

How fine he curtsies ! Make your bow ;  
Thump your breast soundly, beat your poll ;  
Lo ! he has tos'd up a Ragout,  
To fill the belly of your soul.

Even here there are some holy men,  
Would fain lead people by the nose ;  
Did not a Black Bird, now and then,  
Benevolently interpose.

My good Lord Bishop, Mr. Dean,  
You shall get nothing by your spite ;  
Tristram shall whistle at your spleen,  
And put Hypocrisy to flight.

*Grazie a gl' inganni tuoi,*

*Alfin respiro, O Nise;*

*Alfind' uno infedele*

*Egger gli dei pietà:*

Metaftasio.

TO MISS —

BY THE SAME.

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,  
 The gods, so long in vain implor'd,  
 At last have heard a wretch's prayer ;  
 At last I find myself restor'd,

From thy bewitching snares and thee :  
 I feel for once this is no dream ;  
 I feel my captive soul is free ;  
 And I am truly what I seem.

I cannot now, as heretofore,  
 Put on indifference or disdain,  
 To smother flames, that burn no more,  
 To hide a passion void of pain.

Without a blush your name I hear,  
 No transient glow my bosom heats ;  
 And, when I meet your eye, my dear,  
 My fluttering heart no longer beats.

5

10

15

I dream, but I no longer find  
 Your form still present to my view ;  
 I wake, but now my vacant mind  
 No longer waking dreams of you. 20

Absent, for you, no more I pine,  
 But wander careless day or night ;  
 Present, no word, no look, no sign,  
 Argues disturbance or delight.

I hear your praise, no tender flame 25  
 Now thrills responsive through my veins ;  
 No indignation, only shame,  
 For all my former wrongs remains.

I meet you now without alarms,  
 Nor longer fearful to displease, 30  
 I talk with ease about your charms,  
 E'en with my rival talk with ease.

Whether in angry mood you rise,  
 Or sweetly sit with placid guile,  
 Vain is the lightning of your eyes, 35  
 And vainer still your gilded smile.

Loves, in your smiles, no longer play ;  
 Your lips, your tongue, have lost their art ;  
 Those eyes have now forgot the way  
 That led directly to my heart. 40

Whether with grief the mind's diseased,  
Or the unburthen'd spirits glad ;  
No thanks to you, when I am pleased,  
You have no blame, when I am sad.

Hills, woods, and lawns, and bleating flocks, 45  
Without you, captivate me still,  
But dreary moors and naked rocks,  
Tho' with you, make my blood run chill.

Hear me ; and judge if I'm sincere ;  
That you are beauteous still I swear ; 50  
But oh ! no longer you appear  
The fairest, and the only fair.

Hear me ; but let not truth offend,  
In that fine form, in many places,  
I now spy faults, my lovely friend, 55  
Which I mistook before for graces.

And yet, tho' free, I thought at first,  
With shame my weaknes I confess,  
My agonizing heart would burst,  
The agonies of death are less. 60

Who would not, when his soul's oppress'd,  
Gladly possess himself again ?  
To pluck a serpent from his breast,  
Who would not bear the sharpest pain ?

The little songster thus you see  
Caught in the cruel school boy's toils,  
Struggling for life, at last, like me,  
Escapes, and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,  
His little heart soon waxes gay ;  
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,  
To artifice again a prey.

Perhaps you think I only feign,  
I do but strive against the stream ;  
Else why for ever in this strain ?  
Why talk upon no other theme ?

It is not love, it is not pique,  
That gives my whole discourse this cast ;  
'Tis nature, that delights to speak  
Eternally of dangers past.

Carousing o'er the midnight bowl  
The soldier never ceasing prates,  
Shews every scar to every soul,  
And every hair-breadth 'scape relates.

Thus the poor galley slave, released  
From pains as great and bonds as strong,  
On his past sufferings seems to feast,  
And hug the chain he dragg'd so long.

To talk is all that I desire ;  
 When once I let my larum go,  
 I never stop, nor once enquire  
 Whether you're ' entertain'd' or no.

90

Which of us has most cause to grieve ?  
 Which situation would you choose ?  
 I, a capricious tyrant leave,  
 And you, a faithful lover lose.

95

I can find maids in every rout,  
 With smiles as false, and forms as fine ;  
 But you must search the world throughout,  
 To find a heart as true as mine.

100



## ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.\*

HASSAN ; OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

SCENE, THE DESERT.

TIME, MID-DAY.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste  
The driver Hassan with his camels past :  
One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;  
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,      5  
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh ;  
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,  
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view ! 10  
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man  
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :  
“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way ! ”

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,      15  
The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find !  
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall Thirst asswage,  
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?

\* Born 1720; dyed 1756.

Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;  
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ? 20

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
In all my griefs a more than equal share !  
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
In vain ye hope the green delights to know, 25  
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :  
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,  
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckles was the day,  
“ When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.”

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade  
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade !  
The lilly peace outshines the silver store,  
And life is dearer than the golden ore :  
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown, 35  
To every distant mart and wealthy town.  
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea :  
And are we only yet repay'd by thee ?  
Ah ! why was ruin so attractive made,  
Or why fond man so easily betray'd ? 40  
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song ?  
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,  
Why think we these less pleasing to behold, 45  
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,  
 When thought creates unnumber’d scenes of woe, 50  
 What if the lion in his rage I meet !—  
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :  
 And fearful ! oft, when Day’s declining light  
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
 By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain, 55  
 Gaunt wolves and fullen tygers in his train :  
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :  
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor, 65  
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !  
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;  
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !”

O, hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,  
 The tender Zara will be most undone !

Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful mald,  
When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said :  
“ Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,  
“ Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !  
“ Yet as thou go'ſt, may every blast arise  
“ Weak and unfeſt as theſe rejected sighs !  
“ Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,  
“ No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.”  
O, let me ſafely to the fair return,  
Say with a kiſſ, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn ;  
O ! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,  
Recall'd by Wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.

He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day, 85  
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.



AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.

TIME, MIDNIGHT.

**I**N fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,  
Each swain was bleſt, for every maid was kind ;  
At that ſtill hour, when awful midnight reigns,  
And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains ;  
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high, 5  
And paſt in radiance thro' the cloudleſs sky ;

Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,  
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:  
Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay  
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.    10  
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,  
'Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

## SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,  
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.  
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,    15  
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !  
And first review that long-extended plain,  
And yon wide groves, already past with pain !  
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we tried !  
And last this lofty mountain's weary side !    20

## AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know  
The toils of flight, or some severer woe !  
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,  
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind :  
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,    25  
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.  
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,  
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame :  
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,  
And leave to ruffian lands their fleecy care.    30

## SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,  
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !  
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,  
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !  
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,      35  
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind :  
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,  
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

## AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,  
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.      40  
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,  
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain !  
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove  
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove ;  
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale, 45  
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale :  
 Fair scenes ! but, ah ! no more with peace possest,  
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.  
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,  
 Nor the kinds products of a bounteous year ; 50  
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd !  
 But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

## SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,  
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves :

In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,        55  
 Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair !  
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send ;  
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

## AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far  
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war ;        60  
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,  
 To shield your harvests, and defend your fair :  
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,  
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.  
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,        61  
 By lust incited, or by malice led,  
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,  
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way ;  
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,  
 To death inur'd, and nurst in scenes of woe.        70

He said ; when loud along the vale was heard  
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd :  
 Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,  
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

V. 56. eye's.



## ODE

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY THE SAME.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS  
IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES,  
NEAR RICHMOND.

## I.

In yonder grave a Druid lies  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

## II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds,  
His airy harp \* shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love thro' life the fothing shade.

5

## III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

10

\* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which see a description in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

## IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
 When Thames in summer wreaths is dreft,  
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,      15  
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

## V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening \* spire,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.      20

## VI.

But Thou, who own'st that earthly bed,  
 Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?  
 Or tears, which Love and Pity shed  
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

## VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye      20  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine, glimm'ring near ?  
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

## VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,      30

\* Richmond church [where Mr. Thomson is buried].

Now waft me from the green hill's side  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

## IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Nature's Child, again adieu !

35

## X.

\* The genial meads assign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;  
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

40

## XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,  
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,  
 In yonder grave Your Druid lies !

\* Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond sometime before his death.



## O D E S.

BY MARK AKENSID, M. D. \*

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.D.CC.XL.

### I.

THE radiant ruler of the year  
At length his wintry goal attains;  
Soon to reverse the long career,  
And northward bend his steady reins.  
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,  
Prone rush the fiery floods of light  
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:  
While, in some cavern's horrid shade,  
The panting Indian hides his head,  
And oft the approach of eve implores.

5

10

### II.

But lo, on this deserted coast  
How pale the sun! how thick the air!  
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,  
Lo, Winter desolates the year.  
The fields resign their latest bloom;  
No more the breezes waft perfume,

15

\* Born 1721; dyed 1770.

No more the streams in music roll :  
But snows fall dark, or rains resound ;  
And, while great Nature mourns around,  
Her griefs infect the human soul.

## III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs  
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire :  
Harmonious dances, festive songs  
Against the spiteful heaven conspire.  
Meantime perhaps with tender fears      25  
Some village-dame the curfew hears,  
While round the hearth her children play :  
At morn their father went abroad ;  
The moon is sunk and deep the road ;  
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.      30

## IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,  
And hail the sun's returning force :  
Even now he climbs the northern skies,  
And health and hope attend his course.  
Then louder howl the aerial waste,      25  
Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,  
Yet gentle hours advance their wing ;  
And fancy, mocking winter's night,  
With flowers and dews and streaming light,  
Already decks the newborn spring.      40

## V.

O fountain of the golden day,  
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,  
 How soon before thy vernal ray  
 Should each unkindly damp recede !  
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,  
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,  
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,  
 To rend the forest from the steep,  
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,  
 Towhelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

45

50

## VI.

But let not man's unequal views  
 Presume o'er Nature and her laws :  
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use  
 The indulgence of the sovereign cause ;  
 Secure that health and beauty springs  
 Through this majestic frame of things,  
 Beyond what he can reach to know ;  
 And that heaven's all-subduing will,  
 With good the progeny of ill,  
 Attempereth every state below.

55

60

## VII.

How pleasing wears the winter night,  
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !

While, by the taper's trembling light,  
 I seem those awful scenes to tread  
 Where chiefs or legislators lie,  
 Whose triumphs move before my eye  
 In arms and antique pomp array'd ;  
 While now I taste the Ionian song,  
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue  
 Resounding through the olive shade.

65

70

## VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend  
 Bid leave the studious page awhile,  
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,  
 And social ease on learned toil.  
 Then while, at love's uncareful shrine,  
 Each dictates to the god of wine  
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,  
 What flattering dreams each bosom warm,  
 While absence, heightening every charm,  
 Invokes the flow-returning May !

75

80

## IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,  
 When will thy genial star arise?  
 The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,  
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.  
 Within her sylvan haunt behold,  
 As in the happy garden old,

85

She moves like that primeval fair :  
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,  
 Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,  
 Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

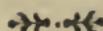
90

## X.

And if believing Love can read  
 His better omens in her eye,  
 Then shall my fears, o charming maid,  
 And every pain of absence die :  
 Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd  
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound  
 Pursue the free Horatian song :  
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,  
 And echo, down the bordering vale,  
 The liquid melody prolong.

95

100



## TO THE EVENING STAR.

## I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven  
 With young Endymion stays :  
 And now to Hesper is it given

H 2

Awhile to rule the vacant sky,  
 Till she shall to her lamp supply  
     A stream of brighter rays.

5

## II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng  
     With awe thy path surrounds,  
 Oh listen to my suppliant song,  
 If haply now the vocal sphere  
     Can suffer thy delighted ear  
     To stoop to mortal sounds.

10

## III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain  
     Thee still invoke to shine :  
 So may the bride's unmarried train  
     To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,  
 Still that his lucky torch may glow  
     With lustre pure as thine.

15

20

## IV.

Far other vows must i prefer  
     To thy indulgent power.  
 Alas, but now i paid my tear  
     On fair Olympia's virgin tomb :  
 And lo, from thence, in quest i roam  
     Of Philomela's bower.

## V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,                            25  
 Thou purest light above :  
 Let no false flame seduce to stray  
 Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm :  
 But lead where music's healing charm  
 May sooth afflicted love.                            30

## VI.

To them, by many a grateful song  
 In happier seasons vow'd,  
 These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong :  
 Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,  
 Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,                    35  
 Beneath yon copse stood.

## VII.

Nor seldom, where the ' beechen' boughs  
 That roofless tower invade,  
 We came while her enchanting Muse  
 The radiant moon above us held :                    40  
 Till by a clamorous owl compell'd  
 She fled the solemn shade.

## VIII.

But hark ; i hear her liquid tone.  
 Now, Hesper, guide my feet  
 Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,

Through yon wild thicket next the plain,  
 Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane  
 Which leads to her retreat.

## IX.

See the green space : on either hand  
     Inlarg'd it spreads around :  
 See, in the midst she takes her stand,  
 • Where one old oak his awful shade  
     Extends o'er half the level mead  
     Inclos'd in woods profound.

50

## X.

Hark, how through many a melting note  
     She now prolongs her lays :  
 How sweetly down the void they float !  
 The breeze their magic path attends :  
 The stars shine out : the forest bends :  
     The wakeful heifers gaze.

55

## XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring  
     To this sequester'd spot,  
 If then the plaintive Syren sing,  
     Oh softly tread beneath her bower,  
     And think of heaven's disposing power,  
     Of man's uncertain lot.

## XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,  
 What mournful scenes arise :  
 What ruin waits on kingly rage :  
 How often virtue dwells with woe :  
 How many griefs from knowledge flow :  
 How swiftly pleasure flies.

70

## XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,  
 Thus wandering all alone,  
 Thy tender counsel oft receive,  
 Bear witness to thy pensive airs,  
 And pity nature's common cares  
 Till i forget my own.

75



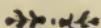
## INSCRIPTIONS.

BY THE SAME.

W H O E ' E R thou art whose path in summer lies  
 Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove  
 Cf branching oaks a rural palace old  
 Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord

H 4

Of all the harvest round. and onward thence 5  
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light  
Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,  
O, stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;  
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou see'st  
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand 10  
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew  
Sweet-smelling flowers. for there doth Edmund rest,  
The learned shepherd; for each rural art  
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes  
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride 15  
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave  
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven  
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,  
Avenge her falsehood. nor could all the gold  
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith 20  
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,  
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside  
The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate  
The mournful story. haply some fair maid  
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught 25  
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.



Me tho' in life's sequester'd vale  
The Almighty fire ordain'd to dwell,

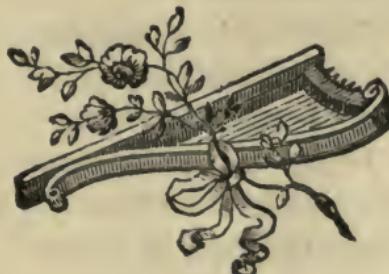
Remote from glory's toilsome ways,  
And the great scenes of public praise ;  
Yet let me still with grateful pride  
Remember how my infant frame  
    He temper'd with prophetic flame,  
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,  
And, This be thy concern, he said,  
At once with Passion's keen alarms,  
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,  
And sacred Truth's eternal light,  
To move the various mind of Man ;  
Till under one unblemish'd plan,  
    His Reason, Fancy, and his Heart unite.

5

10

15



## O D E

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER, BEING THE  
BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG  
LADY.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART.\*

### I.

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,  
Sire of the winter drear,  
December, in whose iron reign  
Expires the chequer'd Year.  
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,      5  
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,  
Smile gladly on this blest of Days.  
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,  
And Phœbus shine in all his state  
With more than summer rays.      10

### II.

Tho' jocund June may justly boast  
Long days and happy hours,  
Tho' August be Pomona's host,  
And May be crown'd with flow'rs;

\* Born 1722; dyed 1770.

Tell June, his fire and crimson dies,  
By Harriot's blush, and Harriot's eyes,  
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away :  
Tell August, thou canst let him see  
A richer, riper fruit than he,  
A sweeter flow'r than May.

15



AN EPISTLE  
FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA  
TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE, 1757.  
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.  
BY JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.\*

VOLTAIRE, believe me, were I now  
In private life's calm station plac'd,  
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,  
With cold indiff'rence would I view  
Departing Fortune's winged haste, 5  
And laugh at her caprice like you.  
Th' insipid farce of tedious state,  
Imperial duty's real weight,  
The faithless courtier's supple bow,  
The fickle multitude's cares, 10  
And the great Vulgar's Littleness,  
By long experience well I know :  
And, tho' a Prince and Poet born,  
Vain blandishments of glory scorn.  
For when the ruthless shears of Fate 15  
Have cut my life's precarious thread,  
And rank'd me with th' unconscious dead,  
What wil't avail that I *was* great,

\* Born 1722; dyed 1769.

Or that th' uncertain tongue of Fame  
In Mem'rys temple chaunts my name ?

20

One blissful moment whilst we live  
Weighs more than ages of renown ;

What then do Potentates receive  
Of good, peculiarly their own ?

Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,  
Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,

The regal throne and palace fly,  
And, born for liberty, prefer

Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,  
To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,

The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.  
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend

On fickle Fortune's casual flight,  
For, whether she's my foe or friend,

In calm repose I'll pass the night ;  
And ne'er by watchful homage own

I court her smile, or fear her frown.

But from our stations we derive  
Unerring precepts how to live,

And certain deeds each rank calls forth,  
By which is measur'd human worth.

40

Voltaire, within his private cell,  
In realms where ancient honesty

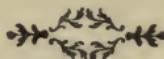
Is patrimonial property,

And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,  
May give up all *his* peaceful mind,

Guided by Plato's deathless page,

45

In silent solitude resign'd  
 To the mild virtues of a Sage ;  
 But I, 'gainst whom wild whirlwinds wage      5•  
 Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,  
 Must be, to face the tempest's rage,  
 In thought, in life, in death, a King.



### A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON:

AN ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SONG TO  
 WINIFREDA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

BY THE SAME.

— *aspice vulnus*  
*Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posse*  
*Inserere, et patrias intus dependere curas.*

OID. METAM.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,  
 Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,  
 Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
 Save some afflicted muse's moan,

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending 5  
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,  
At whose fond side a boy attending  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling Prattler hung, 10  
Till, what his throbbling heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue.

" My youth's first hopes, my manhood's treasure,  
" My Prattling Innocent, attend,  
" Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure, 15  
" A father's loveliest name is friend.

" Some truths, from long experience flowing,  
" Worth more than royal grants receive,  
" For truths are wealth of heav'n's bestowing,  
" Which kings have seldom power to give. 20

" Since from an ancient race descended  
" You boast an unattainted blood,  
" By yours be their fair fame attended,  
" And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for ev'ry fellow-creature, 25  
" Superior rise above the crowd ;  
" What most ennobles human nature  
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows  
 " From others' joys a friendly glow,      30  
 " And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows  
 " Throbs with a sympathetic woe.  
  
 " This is the temper most endearing ;  
 " Tho' wide proud Pomp her banners spreads,  
 " An heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing    35  
 " Each heart in willing thraldom leads.  
  
 " Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain  
 " The peace-destroying streams that flow,  
 " Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain  
 " Look down upon the world below.        40  
  
 " The princely pine on hills exalted,  
 " Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,  
 " By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,  
 " Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie ;  
  
 " Whilst the mild rose more safely growing    45  
 " Low in its unaspiring vale,  
 " Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,  
 " Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.  
  
 " Wish not for beauty's darling features  
 " Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,  
 " For fairest forms 'mong human creatures  
 " Shine but the pageants of an hour.      50

" I saw, the pride of all the meadow,

" At noon, a gay narcissus blow

" Upon a river's bank, whose shadow

55

" Bloom'd in the silver waves below;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,

" The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd :

" At eve its glories all were blasted,

" And not one former tint remain'd.

60

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory

" Lead you from wisdom's path astray ;

" What genius lives renown'd in story

" To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapor

65

" Whose vivid beams illusive play,

" Far off it seems a friendly taper

" To guide the traveller on his way ;

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing

" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow, 70

" He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,

" That fatal quicksands lurk below.

" In life such bubbles nought admiring,

" Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,

" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,

75

" To peace in virtue's cot repair ;

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,  
 " Which mutual love and friendship give,  
 " Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,  
 " And bles'd and blessing you will live.      80

" If heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,  
 " As mine its bounty does with you,  
 " In fondness fatherly excelling  
 " Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd—for tenderly careffing      85  
 The darling of his wounded heart,  
 Looks had means only of expressing  
 Thoughts language never could impart.

Now Night her mournful mantle spreading,  
 Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,      90  
 And dank dews from her tresses shedding  
 With genial moisture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying,  
 'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,  
 His face, array'd in smiles, denying      95  
 The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying  
 Each character, in youth and age,  
 Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,  
 That play'd upon this human stage,      100

(Peaceful himself and undesigning)

He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,  
And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated

105

Obediently he bow'd his soul,  
For what all bounteous heav'n created,  
He thought heav'n only should controul.



## THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1744.

BY SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, K.T.\*

ONE OF THE JUDGES OF THE COMMON PLEAS.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,  
A wretch forsakes his native land,  
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam  
An endless exile from his home ;  
Penfive he treads the destin'd way, 5  
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay ;  
'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow  
He stops, and turns his eyes below ;  
There, melting at the well-known view,  
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu : 10  
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,  
Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,  
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,  
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age, 15  
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,  
How blithsome were we wont to rove  
By verdant hill, or shady grove,

\* Born 1723; dyed 1780.

Where fervent bees, with humming voice,  
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,      20  
And aged elms with aweful bend  
In long cathedral walks extend !  
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,  
Chear'd by the warbling of the woods,  
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,      25  
In sweet society with thee !  
Then all was joyous, all was young,  
And years unheeded roll'd along :  
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,  
These scenes must charm me now no more.      30  
Lost to the field, and torn from you,—  
Farewel !—a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,  
To smoak and crowds, and cities draw ;  
There selfish Faction rules the day,      35  
And Pride and Av'ricé throng the way :  
Diseases taint the murky air,  
And midnight conflagrations glare ;  
Loose Revelry and Riot bold  
In frightened streets their orgies hold ;      40  
Or, when in silence all is drown'd,  
Fell Murder walks her lonely round ;  
No room for peace, no room for you,  
Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu !

Shakespear no more, thy sylvan son,      45  
Nor all the art of Addison,

Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,  
Nor Milton's mighty self must please :  
Instead of these, a formal band  
In furs and coifs around me stand ;       50  
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,  
That grate the soul of harmony,  
Each pedant sage unlocks his store  
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore ;  
And points with tott'ring hand the ways       55  
That lead me to the thorny maze ?

There, in a winding, close retreat,  
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat,  
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,  
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,       60  
And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,  
Like eastern queens is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade  
Where dwells the venerable maid !  
There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,       65  
The guardian of Britannia's Law,  
Unfold with joy her sacred page,  
(Th' united boast of many an age,  
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears  
The wisdom of a thousand years)       70  
In that pure spring the bottom view,  
Clear, deep, and regularly true,  
And other doctrines thence imbibe  
Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;

Observe how parts with parts unite      75  
 In one harmonious rule of right ;  
 See countless wheels distinctly tend  
 By various laws to one great end ;  
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul  
 Pervades, and regulates the whole.      80

'Then welcome business, welcome strife,  
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,  
 The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,  
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,  
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,      85  
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
 The drowsy bench, the babling Hall,  
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !

Thus though my noon of life be past,  
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,      90  
 Find out the still, the rural cell,  
 Where sage Retirement loves to dwell !  
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss  
 Of innocence, and inward peace ;  
 Untainted by the guilty bribe ;      95  
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe ;  
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;  
 My honour, and my conscience clear ;  
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,  
 Thus to the grave in peace descend !      100



THE  
TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY  
ISIS AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

BY THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER,  
POET LAUREAT.\*

*Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum TYBRIDE,  
Romam  
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,  
Hanc Urbem insano Nullus qui Marte petivit,  
Loetatus violasse reddit. Nec Numina Sedem  
Destituunt.—*

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse  
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;  
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,  
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;  
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade, 5  
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:  
And calmly musing through the twilight way,  
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.

\* Born 1728; dyed 1799.

When lo ! from opening clouds a golden gleam  
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream ;  
 And from the wave arose its guardian queen,  
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green ;  
 While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,  
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood  
 The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod,  
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,  
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,  
 Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy ;      20  
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit  
 To notes of pastoral pipe or oaten flute.  
 For hark ! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,  
 To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls :  
 When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing, 25  
 Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string ?  
 While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' spite,  
 The venal sons of slavish CAM unite ;  
 To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,  
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest ?      30

Still sing, O CAM, your favorite Freedom's cause ;  
 Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws :  
 To power your songs of Gratulation pay,  
 To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.

• What' though your gentle MASON's plaintive  
   . verse  
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse ;

What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,  
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow ;  
 Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,  
 To tear the laurels from a Sister's head ?      40  
 Misguided youth ! with rude unclassic rage  
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page ;  
 A rage that fullies e'en thy guiltless lays,  
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let \*\*\* boast the patrons of her name,      45  
 Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame :  
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,  
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean :  
 Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,  
 Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek :      50  
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive  
 On rich pluralities supinely thrive :  
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,  
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;  
 No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,      55  
 Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,  
 Where CAM, meandering thro' the matted reeds,  
 With loitering wave his grove of laurel feeds.  
 'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,  
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way ;      60  
 To wear the well earn'd wreath that merit brings,  
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.  
 Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower  
 Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my chrystral  
spring, 65  
 Though Persecution wave her iron wing,  
 And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,  
 " These destin'd seats be mine" exulting cries;  
 Fortune's fair smiles on Isis' still attend:  
 And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend 70  
 Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,  
 Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.  
 See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;  
 With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;  
 My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state, 75  
 The mien erect, and high majestic gait:  
 Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,  
 And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:  
 My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,  
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies. 80  
 E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train  
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain; [shrine,  
 When yon proud \* dome, fair Learning's amplest  
 Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;  
 Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame, 85  
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?  
 What free-born crouds adorn'd the festive day,  
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!  
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,  
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd; 90

\* The Radcliffe Library.

While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,  
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view !

O may the day in latest annals shine,  
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine :  
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile, 95  
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,  
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,  
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine.  
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,  
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky ; 100  
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around  
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.  
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,  
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot :  
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave, 105  
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave ;  
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,  
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo ! at once the pealing concerts cease,  
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace. 110  
See, on yon Sage \* how all attentive stand,  
To catch his darting eye and waving hand.  
Hark ! he begins, with all a Tully's art  
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.  
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,  
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire ;  
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,  
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.

\* Dr. W. King, principal of St. Mary Hall.

'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,  
To win with action, and with sense to warm ; 120  
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense  
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence :  
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,  
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise ;  
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd, 125  
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword ;  
From me, as from my country, claims applause,  
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,  
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield ; 130  
Say, shall the puny Champion fondly dare  
To wage with force like this scholastic war ?  
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,  
With all the rage of pedant impotence ?  
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest, 135  
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast ?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore  
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,  
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells  
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief, dwells ; 140  
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile  
The deep foundations of the floating pile.  
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,  
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side ;  
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood, 145  
With every conflict of the stormy flood ;

More sure the reptile's little arts devour,  
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,  
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time ! 150  
Ye massy piles of old munificence,  
At once the pride of learning and defence ;  
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,  
To contemplation, step by step, invite ; [155  
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear  
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;  
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;  
Lo ! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,  
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail !— 160  
Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,  
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;  
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,  
By truth exalted to the throne of fame !  
Like Greece in science and in liberty, 165  
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free !  
Ev'n now, confess to my adoring eyes,  
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.  
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,  
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads : 170  
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,  
And beams on all around celestial fire.  
With graceful step see Addison advance,  
The sweetest child of Attic elegance :

See Chillingworth the depths of Doubt explore, 175  
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore :  
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,  
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride :  
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,  
And spread the treasur'd stores of Truth divine, 180

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,  
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease ;  
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd ;  
Who footh'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd ;  
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd, 185  
All that adorn'd or humanis'd the mind ;  
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,  
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul ;  
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,  
Hail, Oxford, hail ! with filial transport cry. 190

And see yon sapient train ! with liberal aim,  
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame ;  
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway  
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.  
With mild debate each musing feature glows, 195  
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning  
brows.

" Lo ! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"  
A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.  
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,  
Their future sons the great example taught : 200  
While in each youth, th' hereditary flame  
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same !

Nor all the talks of thoughtful peace engage,  
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.  
 I see the sable-suited prince advance      205  
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,  
 Edward. The Muses in yon cloister's shade  
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade :  
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,  
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw. 210

And see, great father of the sacred band,  
 The \* Patriot King before me seems to stand.  
 He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,  
 That chear'd with lively green the shaggy wild,  
 Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,      215  
 The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd ;  
 From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,  
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore :  
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,  
 Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.  
 Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell  
 She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell;  
 Lo ! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,  
 And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred towers,  
 'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws, 225  
 Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause :  
 He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,  
 And sooth'd to soft society's controul  
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye  
 Elate he views his laurel'd progeny :      230

\* Alfred.

Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain  
He form'd the rudiments of Learning's reign :  
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,  
With all the founder in the race exprest :  
Conscious he sees, fair Freedom still survive 235  
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive !  
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam  
Unfullied on his ancient diadem ;)  
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs  
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings ; 240  
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,  
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.



O D E.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

BY THE SAME.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd  
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;  
Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,  
For splendid care, and guilty gain ! 5  
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam  
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,

They rove abroad in ether blue,  
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew :  
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell  
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

10

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear :  
 On green untrodden banks they view  
 The hyacinth's neglected hue :  
 In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,

15

They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :  
 And startle from her ashen spray,  
 Across the glen, the screaming jay :  
 Each native charm their steps explore  
 Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

20

For them the moon with cloudless ray  
 Mounts, to illume their homeward way :  
 Their weary spirits to relieve,  
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.  
 No riot mars the simple fare

25

That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :  
 But when the curfeu's measur'd roar  
 Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,  
 Has echoed from the distant town,  
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,

30

No trophied canopies, to close  
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom  
 Of health around the clay-built room,

Or through the primros'd coppice stray,        35  
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;  
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,  
 Or drive afield the tardy kine ;  
 Or hasten from the sultry hill  
 To loiter at the shady rill ;        40  
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest  
 To rob the raven's antient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers  
 The curling woodbine's shade embowers :  
 From the trim garden's thymy mound        45  
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :  
 Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime :  
 But when their temples long have wore  
 The silver crown of tresses hoar ;        50  
 As studious still calm peace to keep,  
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.



THE  
CONTEMPLATIST:  
A  
NIGHT PIECE.

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM.\*

*Nox erat——  
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.*

I.

THE Queen of CONTEMPLATION, Night,  
Begins her balmy reign;  
Advancing in their varied light  
Her silver-vested train.

II.

'Tis strange, the many marshal'd stars ;  
That ride yon sacred round,  
Should keep, among their rapid cars,  
A silence so profound !

5

\* Born 1729; dyed 1773.

## III.

A kind, a philosophic calm,  
The cool creation wears !  
And what Day drank of dewey balm,  
The gentle Night repairs.

19

## IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,  
The feather'd race how still !  
How quiet now the gamesome kid,  
That gambol'd round the hill !

15

## V.

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,  
From sultry Day declin'd,  
Revive in little velvet ranks,  
And scent the western wind.

20

## VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze  
That bade the clouds retire,  
Appears amongst the tufted trees,  
A Phœnix nest on fire.

## VII.

But soft - - - the golden glow subsides !  
Her chariot mounts on high !  
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides  
Pale regent of the sky !

25

## VIII.

Where TIME upon the wither'd tree,  
 Hath carv'd the moral chair,  
 I sit, from busy passions free,  
 And breathe the placid air.

30

## IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime ;  
 Its branches brav'd the sky !  
 Thus, at the touch of ruthless TIME,  
 Shall Youth and Vigour die.

35

## X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse :  
 It glows serenely gay !  
 Come, SCIENCE, by my side, advance,  
 We'll search the Milky Way.

40

## XI.

Let us descend ---- The daring flight  
 Fatigues my feeble mind ;  
 And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,  
 Is impotent and blind.

## XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,  
 That o'er the moorland ran ?  
 Vapours.----How like the vague desires  
 That cheat the heart of MAN !

45

## XIII.

But there's a friendly guide! —— a flame,  
 That lambent o'er its bed,  
 Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,  
 The hermit's osier shed.

50

## XIV.

Among the russet shades of night,  
 It glances from afar!  
 And darts along the dusk; so bright,  
 It seems a silver star!

55

## XV.

In coverts (where the few frequent)  
 If VIRTUE deigns to dwell,  
 'Tis thus, the little lamp, CONTENT,  
 Gives lustre to her cell.

60

## XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides  
 Progressive to the deep!  
 The Poppies, pendent o'er its sides,  
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

## XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated sons!  
 Ye indolent! ye gay!  
 Reflect —— for as the river runs,  
 Life wings its tractless way.

65

## XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green  
 Conceals the azure sky ;                              70  
 Save, where a starry space between,  
 Relieves the darken'd eye.

## XIX.

Old E R R O R , thus, with shades impure,  
 Throws sacred Truth behind ;  
 Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,              75  
 She bursts upon the mind.

## XX.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,  
 They lock the shepherd's fold !  
 But hark—I hear a lamb complain,  
 'Tis lost upon the wold !                              80

## XXI.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,  
 An unrefusing prize !  
 For having trod a devious way,  
 The little rambler dies.

## XXII.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,                      85  
 Whom pleasure once misguides :  
 When hurried from the halcion cot,  
 Where INNOCENCE presides—

## XXIII.

The passions, a relentless train !

To tear the victim run :

90

She seeks the paths of peace in vain,

Is conquer'd——and undone.

## XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze,

Where willows shade the way ;

As proud as if their painted rays

95

Could emulate the Day !

## XXV.

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of pow'r

Advance their vain parade !

Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,

And like the glow-worms fade !

100

## XXVI.

The soft serenity of night

Ungentle clouds deform !

The silver host that shone so bright

Is hid behind a storm ;

## XXVII.

The angry elements engage !

105

An oak (an ivied bower !)

Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,

And shields me from the shower.

## XXVIII.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate,  
I've learnt to render vain :  
For whilst Integrity's her seat,  
The soul will sit serene.

110

## XXIX.

A raven, from some greedy vault,  
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,  
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought !  
Reflect upon the tomb.

115

## XXX.

The tomb ! —— The consecrated dome !  
The temple rais'd to PEACE !  
The port, that to its friendly home  
Compels the human race !

120

## XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,  
A solemn aspect wears ;  
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,  
And kill'd his daily cares :

## XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night ;  
An emblematic bed !  
That offers to the mental sight  
The temporary dead.

125

## XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,  
The grave's unmeasur'd deep ;  
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,  
To meet my final sleep.

130

## XXXIV.

'Tis peace—(The little chaos past !)  
The gracious moon restor'd !  
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,  
That through the forest roar'd !

135

## XXXV.

The Nightingale, a welcome guest !  
Renews her gentle strains ;  
And HOPE (just wand'ring from my breast)  
Her wonted seat regains.

140

## XXXVI.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,  
And darting from on high ;  
My soul, a more celestial spark,  
Shall keep her native sky.

## XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,  
My limbs refreshment find ;  
And moral rhapsodies, like these,  
Give vigour to the mind.

145

## A

## LANDSCAPE.

BY THE SAME.

*Rura mibi & irrigui placeant in vallis amnes.*

VIRG.

## I.

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom  
Frolicks where the winter drown'd,  
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,  
We command the landscape round.

## II.

Nature in the prospect yields                               5  
Humble dales, and mountains bold,  
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields  
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

## III.

Goats upon that frowning steep,  
Fearless, with their kidlings brouse !                      10  
Here a flock of snowy sheep !  
There an herd of motly cows !

## IV.

On the uplands, every glade  
 Brightens in the blaze of day ;  
 O'er the vales, the sober shade  
 Softens to an evening grey. 15

## V.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,  
 Swells into a crystal pool,  
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees  
 Shoot to keep the waters cool. 20

## VI.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,  
 From the mountain's misty ridge,  
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,  
 Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

## VII

On her breast the sunny beam  
 Glitters in meridian pride ;  
 Yonder as the virgin stream  
 Hastens to the restless tide :— 25

## VIII.

Where the ships, by wanton gales  
 Wafted, o'er the green-waves run,  
 Sweet to see their swelling sails  
 Whiten'd by the laughing sun ! 30

## IX.

High upon the daised hill,  
 Rising from the slope of trees,  
 How the wings of yonder mill  
 Labour in the busy breeze !

35

## X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn,  
 (Bouncing from her loaded pad)  
 Where the maid presents her corn,  
 Smirking, to the miller's lad,

40

## XI.

O'er the green a festal throng  
 Gambols, in fantastic trim !  
 As the full cart moves along,  
 Hearken—'tis their harvest hymn !

## XII.

Linnets on the crowded sprays  
 Chorus,—and the wood-larks rise,  
 Soaring with a song of praise,  
 'Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

45

## XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets  
 Down the cliffs, dividing, break :  
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,  
 Settling in a silver lake !

50

## XIV.

From his languid flocks, the swain,  
 By the sunbeams sore oppress'd,  
 Plunging on the wat'ry plain,  
 Plows it with his glowing breast.

55

## XV.

Where the mantling willows nod,  
 From the green bank's flopy side,  
 Patient, with his well-thrown rod,  
 Many an angler breaks the tide !

60

## XVI.

On the isles, with osiers dreft,  
 Many a fair-plum'd halcion breeds !  
 Many a wild bird hides her nest,  
 Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

## XVII.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they pass  
 To their nestlings in the rock,  
 Darting on the liquid glass,  
 Seem to kiss the mimick'd flock.

65

## XVIII.

Where the stone Cross lifts its head,  
 Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,  
 Up the hill was wont to tread,  
 Barefoot, in the days of yore.

70

## XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,  
 Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,  
 Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,  
 Many an hermit told his beads.

75

## XX

Sultry mists surround the heath  
 Where the gothic dome appears,  
 O'er the trembling groves beneath,  
 Tott'ring with a load of years.

80

## XXI.

Turn to the contrasted scene,  
 Where, beyond these hoary piles,  
 Gay, upon the rising green,  
 Many an attic building smiles !

## XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,  
 Intermingling shade and light !  
 Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,  
 Join to give the eye delight.

85

## XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,  
 Scatter'd on the landscape lie,  
 'Till the distant view retires,  
 Closing in an azure sky.

90

THE  
DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.\*

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheared the labouring  
swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,      5  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,      10  
The never failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blest the coming day,      15  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;      20

\* Born 1729; dyed 1774.

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And flights of art and feats of strength went round ;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown 25  
By holding out to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks  
reprove ! 30  
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like  
these,  
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please ;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
These were thy charms---But all these charms are  
fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green :  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ; 40  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choaked with sedges, works its weedy way.  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;  
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.      50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,      55  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more : 50  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, 65  
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose ;  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room, 70  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;  
These far departing seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour, 75  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swell's at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs---and GOD has giv'n my share---  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, 85  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned skill, 90  
Around my fire an evening groupe to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95  
Here to return---and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
No surly porter stands in guilty state,      105  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way ;      110  
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
There, as I past with careless steps and slow, 115  
The mingling notes came softened from below ;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school, 120  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering  
wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,      125  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ; 130  
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
She only left of all the harmless train, 135  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Nearlyonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his  
place ;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 145  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
The long remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155  
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were  
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to  
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 160  
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And ev'n his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was layed,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;

Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest, 185  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his nicey mansion, skill'd to rule, 195  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught, 205  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge. 210

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, 215  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-  
spired,  
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-  
found,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225  
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;  
The white-washed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ; 230  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,  
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew, 235  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! Could not all  
Reprise the tottering mansion from its fall ?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ; 240  
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,  
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail ;  
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245  
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;  
The host himself no longer shall be found  
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;  
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train,  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play, 255  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, 260  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey 265  
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and an happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore; 270  
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride, 275  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
Space for his lake; his park's extended bounds;  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,  
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their  
growth; 280

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all 285  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes: 290  
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, sollicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed ; 295  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
But verging to decline, its splendours rise ;  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize ;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ; 300  
And while he sinks without one arm to save,  
The country blooms---a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah where, shall Poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?  
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed, 305  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped---What waits him there ?  
To see profusion that he must not share ; 310  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;  
Here while the proud their long drawn pomps  
display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train ; 320

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !  
Sure these denote one universal joy !

Are these thy serious thoughts ? --- Ah, turn thine  
eyes

325

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ; 330  
Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the  
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour  
When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest  
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?  
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread ! 340

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
When half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd before, 348  
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;      350  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355  
And savage men, more murderous still than they ;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,  360  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,  
That called them from their native walks away ;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  365  
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep. 370  
The good old fire, the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe ;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375

The fond companion of his helpless years,

Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,

And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ; 380

And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;

Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief

In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! Thou curst by heaven's decree, 385

How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !

How do thy potions, with infidious joy,

Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,

Boast of a florid vigour not their own ; 390

At every draught more large and large they grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;

Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395

And half the business of destruction done ;

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land :

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400

Downward they move, a melancholy band,

Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;  
And piety, with wishes placed above, 405  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ; 410  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel, 415  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.  
Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;  
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possesse, 425  
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest ;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away ;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

## A BALLAD.\*

BY THE SAME.

“ TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
 “ And guide my lonely way,  
 “ To where yon taper cheers the vale,  
 “ With hospitable ray.

“ For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
 “ With fainting steps and slow ;  
 “ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,  
 “ Seem lengthening as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,  
 “ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;  
 “ For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 “ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want  
 “ My door is open still ;  
 “ And tho’ my portion is but scant,  
 “ I give it with good will.

\* The original idea of this elegant poem was suggested by a beautiful old ballad, printed in the “ Reliques of ancient English poetry,” volume the second.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share  
 “ Whate'er my cell bestows ;  
 “ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,  
 “ My blessing and repose.

20

“ No flocks that range the valley free  
 “ To slaughter I condemn :  
 “ Taught by that power that pities me,  
 “ I learn to pity them.

“ But from the mountain's grassy side  
 “ A guiltless feast I bring ;  
 “ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,  
 “ And water from the spring.

25

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;  
 “ All earth-born cares are wrong :  
 “ Man wants but little here below,  
 “ Nor wants that little long.”

30

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,  
 His gentle accents fell :  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

35

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay ;  
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,  
 And strangers led astray.

40

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Requir'd a master's care ;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire

45

To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,

And gayly prest, and smil'd ;

50

And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth

Its tricks the kitten tries ;

The cricket chirrups in the hearth ;

55

The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart

To sooth the stranger's woe ;

For grief was heavy at his heart,

And tears began to flow.

60

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,

With answ'ring care opprest :

" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,

" The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,  
“ Reluctant dost thou rove ;  
“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas ! the joys that fortune brings  
“ Are trifling and decay ;  
“ And those who prize the paltry things  
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,  
“ A charm that lulls to sleep ;  
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
“ But leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,  
“ The modern fair one's jest,  
“ On earth unseen, or only found  
“ To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
“ And spurn the sex," he said :  
But, while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view ;  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,

Alternate spread alarms,

The lovely stranger stands confess'd

A maid in all her charms.

90

" And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,

" A wretch forlorn," she cry'd,

" Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude

95

" Where heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,

" Whom love has taught to stray ;

" Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

" Companion of her way.

100

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,

" A wealthy lord was he ;

" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,

" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,

105

" Unnumber'd suitors came ;

" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,

" And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd

" With richest proffers strove :

" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,

" But never talk'd of love.

110

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,  
 “ No wealth nor power had he ;  
 “ Wisdom and worth were all he had,      115  
 “ But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day,  
 “ The dews of heaven refin’d,  
 “ Could nought of purity display  
 “ To emulate his mind.      120

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
 “ With charms inconstant shine ;  
 “ Their charms were his, but, woe to me,  
 “ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each sickle art,      125  
 “ Importunate and vain ;  
 “ And while his passion touch’d my heart,  
 “ I triumph’d in his pain.

“ ’Till, quite dejected with my scorn,  
 “ He left me to my pride ;      130  
 “ And sought a solitude forlorn,  
 “ In secret where he died.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
 “ And well my life shall pay ;  
 “ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,      135  
 “ And stretch me where he lay—

“ And there forlorn despairing hid,

“ I'll lay me down and die :

“ 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

“ And so for him will I.”

140

“ Forbid it, heaven !” the hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,

'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,

145

“ My charmer, turn to see

“ Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,

“ Restor'd to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“ And ev'ry care resign :

150

“ And shall we never, never part,

“ My life,—my all that's mine ?

“ No, never, from this hour to part,

“ We'll live and love so true ;

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

155

“ Shall break thy Edwin's too.”



THE  
A U T H O R.

BY CHARLES CHURCHILL.\*

A C C U R S'D the man whom fate ordains, in spite,  
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write !  
What need of letters ? Wherefore should we spell ?  
Why write our names ? A mark will do as well.

Much are the precious hours of youth mispent 5  
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent ;  
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,  
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,  
Whilst, in the *vale of Ignorance* below,  
**F O L L Y** and **V I C E** to rank luxuriance grow ; 10  
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,  
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,  
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,  
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools, 15  
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,  
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'r al ease,  
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,  
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,  
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,  
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,  
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,

\* Born 1731; dyed 1784.

Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,  
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his Place ;  
VICE CHANCELLORS, whose knowledge is but  
small, 25

And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,  
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit, in those days  
When Learning was the certain road to praise,  
When Nobles, with a love of Science bless'd,  
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd. 30

But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her  
throne,

When LORDLY Vassals her wide empire own ;  
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,  
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,  
What *Now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,  
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread ;  
To bear those labours which our Fathers bore  
That Crown with-held which They in triumph  
wore ?

When with much pains this boasted Learning's  
got,

'Tis an affront to those who have it not. 40  
In some it causes hate, in others fear,  
Instructs our Foes to rail, our Friends to sneer.  
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool  
Forgets the little which he learn'd at School ;  
The Elder Brother, to vast fortunes born, 45  
Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn ;  
Dependent Breth'ren the same features wear,  
And younger Sons are stupid as the Heir.

In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,  
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.      50

Is this——O Death to think ! is this the Land  
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,  
Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd,  
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd ;  
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays, 55  
And by their Patrons sanctify'd their praise ?  
Is this the Land where, on our SPENCER's  
tongue,

Enamour'd of his voice, Description hung ;  
Where JOHNSON rigid gravity beguil'd,  
Whilst Reason thro' her Critic fences smil'd ; 60  
Where NATURE lift'ning stood, whilst SHAKESPEARE  
play'd,

And wonder'd at the Work herself had made ?  
Is this the Land where, mindful of her charge  
And Office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large ;  
Where, finding in our Laws a sure defence, 65  
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of Sense ;  
Where, health and honour trooping by her side,  
She spread her sacred empire far and wide ;  
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,  
And bade the Face of Sorrow wear a smile ; 70  
Bade those who dare obey the gen'rous call  
Enjoy her blessings, which GOD meant for all ?  
Is this the Land where, in some Tyrant's reign,  
When a weak, wicked Ministerial train,  
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd 75  
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd

Those wretches who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,  
Gave up our liberties, and sold our laws ;  
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,  
Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe ;        80  
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head  
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,  
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,  
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd  
The scourge of Vice ; when, impotent and vain, 85  
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain ;  
Is this the Land, where, in those worst of times,  
The hardy Poet rais'd his honest rimes  
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment speak  
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek ;        90  
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,  
And made them fear the Muse who fear'd not Law ?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,  
Whom folly guides and prejudice controuls ;  
Who, one dull drowsy track of busines\$ trod,    95  
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God ;  
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,  
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools ;  
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,  
Lies of the day prefer to Gospel-truth ;        100  
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,  
And lay out all their stock of faith in news :  
How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like these,  
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,

Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime, 105  
And hold not Truth as Truth if told in rime !

How do I laugh, when **P U B L I U S**, hoary grown  
In zeal for **S C O T L A N D**'s welfare, and his own,  
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn  
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn, 110  
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)  
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,  
Erring by form, which Blockheads sacred hold,  
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,  
Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muse 115  
Subjects more equal to her weakness chuse ;  
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,  
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious strains ;  
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim  
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim, 120  
Along the Church-way path complain with **G R A Y**,  
Or dance with **M A S O N** on the first of May !  
“ All sacred is the name and pow'r of Kings ;  
“ All States and Statesmen are those mighty Things  
“ Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll, 125  
“ Were never made for Poets to controul.”

Peace, Peace, thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem  
Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme ;  
I tell thee, Wretch, search all Creation round,  
In Earth, in Heav'n, no Subject can be found 130  
(Our God alone except) above whose weight  
The Poet cannot rise, and hold his State.

The blessed Saints above in numbers speak  
The praise of God, tho' there all praise is weak ;  
In Numbers here below the Bard shall teach 135  
Virtue to soar beyond the Villain's reach ;  
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,  
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,  
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men  
Of slavish principles, demand his pen. 140  
This is a great, a glorious point of view,  
Fit for an English Poet to pursue,  
Undaunted to pursue, tho', in return,  
His writings by the common Hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd 145  
Above their Betters, and by rank disgrac'd,  
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,  
And, mean themselves, are of their Fathers vain,  
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,  
And treat a Poet like a Creditor, 150  
The gen'rous ardour of the Muse condemn,  
And curse the storm they know must break on them !  
“ What, shall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,  
“ Without one badge of merit, but his own,  
“ Great Nobles lash, and *Lords*, like common men,  
“ Smart from the vengeance of a Scribbler's pen ? ”

What's in the name of *Lord*, that I should fear  
To bring their vices to the public ear ?  
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains  
Quick as the tide which swells a Monarch's veins ?

Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,  
Cannot make Virtues in succession flow.  
Would'st Thou, Proud Man, be safely plac'd above  
The censure of the Muse, deserve her Love,  
Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought ; 165  
Look back, and, by thy worthy Father taught,  
Who *earn'd* those Honours Thou wert *born* to wear,  
Follow his steps, and be his Virtue's heir.  
But if, regardless of the road to Fame,  
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame, 170  
If such thy life, that should thy Sire arise,  
The sight of such a Son would blast his eyes,  
Would make him curse the hour which gave Thee  
birth,  
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth,  
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead  
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head ;  
If such thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more  
Than ever King a scoundrel made before,  
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,  
Tho' God in vengeance had made Thee a King, 180  
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,  
The Muse should drag thee trembling to the light,  
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare  
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods ! with what pride I see the titled slave, 185  
Who smarts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,  
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art  
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart !

How do I laugh, when, with affected air,  
(Scarce able thro' despite to keep his chair, 190  
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,  
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)  
He talks of Conscience, which good men secures  
From all those evil moments guilt endures,  
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard 195  
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard !

“ SATIRE, whilst envy and ill-humour sway  
“ The mind of man, must always make her way;  
“ Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,  
“ Is all her malice worth a single thought. 200  
“ The Wise have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r  
“ To stop her headstrong course ; within the hour,  
“ Left to herself, she dies ; opposing Strife  
“ Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.  
“ All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim, 205  
“ I can no patent for exemption claim,  
“ Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart  
“ Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart:  
“ Tho' pointed at myself, be SATIRE free ;  
“ To Her 'tis pleasure and no pain to Me.” 210

Dissembling Wretch ! hence to the Stoic school,  
And there amongst thy breth'ren play the fool ;  
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach :  
Lives there a Man, whom SATIRE cannot reach ?  
Lives there a Man, who calmly can stand by, 215  
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye ?

When SATIRE flies abroad on Falshood's wing,  
Short is her life, and impotent her sting ;  
But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives  
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.      220  
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,  
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,  
Still shalt Thou live, recorded for thy crimes,  
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast Thou no feeling yet ? Come, throw off pride,  
And own those passions which Thou shalt not hide.  
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,  
Made human Nature a reproach on earth,  
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,  
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness, led the way, 230  
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,  
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit:  
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,  
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force, 235  
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course ;  
Carries me back to times, when Poets, blest'd  
With courage, grac'd the Science they profess'd ;  
When They, in Honour rooted, firmly stood  
The bad to punish, and reward the good ;      240  
When, to a flame by Public Virtue wrought,  
The foes of Freedom They to justice brought,  
And dar'd expose those slaves, who dar'd support  
A Tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a Court ?

Ah ! What are Poets now ? as slavish those 245  
 Who deal in Verse as those who deal in Prose.  
 Is there an Author, search the Kingdom round,  
 In whom true worth and real Spirit's found ?  
 The Slaves of Booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate  
 To baser chains) vile pensioners of State ; 250  
 Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud  
 Which Honour scorns, for flav'ry roar aloud ;  
 Others, *half-palsied* only, mutes become,  
 And what makes SMOLLET write makes JOHNSON dumb.

Why turns yon' villain pale ? why bends his eye  
 Inward, abash'd, when MURPHY passes by ?  
 Dost Thou sage MURPHY for a blockhead take,  
 Who wages war with vice for Virtue's sake ?  
 No, No---like other *Worldlings*, you will find  
 He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind . 260  
 His foul the shock of int'rest can't endure :  
 Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'r'r's brows adorn,  
 Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,  
 Bid Cowards thrive, put honesty to flight, 265  
 MURPHY shall prove, or try to prove it right.  
 Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,  
 Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,  
 Swear Thou'rt my Friend ; by that base oath make  
 way  
 Into my breast, and flatter to betray ; 270

Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt  
Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,  
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,  
And make them take my life who eat my bread ;  
On Authors for defence, for praise depend ; 275  
Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.  
He, He shall ready stand with venal rimes,  
To varnish guilt and consecrate thy crimes,  
To make corruption in false colours shine,  
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine. 280

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,  
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,  
Expect no mercy ; facts, well grounded, teach,  
MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.  
What tho' each man of nice and juster thought, 285  
Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,  
He ne'er can be a Friend who stoops so low  
To be the base betrayer of a foe ;  
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name  
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame, 290  
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,  
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence Sedition springs,  
To slander Government and libel Kings,  
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour, 295  
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,  
To talk of WILLIAM with insidious art,  
Whilst a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,

And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,  
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead, 300  
Where is SHEBBARE ? O, let not foul reproach,  
Travelling thither in a City-Coach,  
The Pill'ry dare to name ; the whole intent  
Of that Parade was Fame, not Punishment ;  
And that old, staunch Whig, BEARDMORE, stand-  
ing by,  
Can in full Court give that report the Lye.

With rude unnat'r al jargon to support,  
Half Scotch, half English, a declining Court,  
To make most glaring contraries unite,  
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white, 310  
To make firm Honour tamely league with shame,  
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,  
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,  
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,  
Is there not GUTHRIE ? Who, like him, can call 315  
All Opposites to proof, and conquer all ?  
He calls forth living waters from the rock ;  
He calls forth children from the barren stock ;  
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,  
Makes Women bring forth after they are dead ; 320  
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,  
In Wedlock's sacred bands joins Man to Man ;  
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,  
By some rare magic makes them fruitful too,  
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years, 325  
Flows the rich blood of GUTHRIE's English Peers.

Dost Thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,  
Something which Nature shudders but to name,  
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,  
And the life-blood run backward to her seat ? 333  
Dost Thou contrive, for some base private end,  
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,  
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,  
And promise life to work him surer death ?  
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace, 335  
Hell in his heart, and TYBURN in his face,  
Behold, a Parson at thy Elbow stands,  
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands  
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward ;  
The Atheist Chaplain of an Atheist Lord. 340

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,  
Ere it was known that I should learn to read ;  
Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew  
What mighty Dullness of itself could do,  
Never design'd me for a working Priest, 345  
But hop'd I should have been a DEAN at least ;  
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,  
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),  
Condemn'd (whilst proud, and pamper'd Sons of  
Lawn,  
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn) 350  
In pomp of *rev'rend* *begg'ry* to appear,  
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a-year ;  
My Friends, who never felt the galling load,  
Lament that I forsook the Packhorse road,

Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears, 355  
In throwing off that gown which FRANCIS wears.

What Creature's that, so very pert and prim ;  
So very full of foppery and whim ;  
So gentle, yet so brisk ; so wondrous sweet,  
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet ; 360  
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,  
And by his Garb appears a man of God ?  
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show ;  
The villain lurks beneath the *caffock'd Beau* ;  
That's an Informer ; what avails the name ? 365  
Suffice it that the wretch from SODOM came.

His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,  
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.  
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,  
And Fear alone restrains his coward mind ; 370  
Free him from that, no Monster is so fell,  
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.  
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,  
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,  
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way, 375  
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.  
Attend his Church—his plan of doctrine view—  
The Preacher is a Christian, dull, but true ;  
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,  
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more ; 380  
CHRIST is laid by neglected on the shelf,  
And the vile Priest is Gospel to himself.

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOW bred,  
(BLACOW, whom, by a brave resentment led,  
OXFORD, if OXFORD had not funk in fame, 385  
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)  
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,  
To Virtue lost, to Vice alone he wakes,  
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,  
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes. 390

Are these the Arts which Policy supplies ?  
Are these the steps by which grave Churchmen rise ?  
Forbid it, Heav'n ! or, should it turn out so,  
Let Me, and Mine, continue mean and low.  
Such be their Arts whom Interest controuls ; 395  
KIDGELL and I have free and honest souls :  
We scorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,  
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.



## CHIT-CHAT.

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Εἰδος Περιξώα, &c.

BY ROBERT LLOYD. \*

MRS. BROWN.

Is Mistress SCOT at home, my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here.

My Missis, tho' resolv'd to wait,

Is quite *unpatient*—'tis so late.

She fancy'd you would not come down,

—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

5

MRS. SCOT.

Your servant, MADAM. Well, I swear

I'd giv'n you over—Child, a chair.

Pray, MA'M, be seated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,

I vow I'm almost dead with fear.

10

There is such *scrouging* and such *squeeging*,

The folks are all so disobliging;

\* Born 1733; dyed 1764.

And then the waggons, carts and drays  
 So clog up all these narrow ways,  
 What with the bustle and the throng,      15  
 I wonder how I got along.  
 Besides the walk is so *immense*—  
 Not that I grudge a coach expence,  
 But then it jumbles me to death,  
 —And I was always short of breath.      20  
 How can you live so far, my dear ?  
 It's quite a journey to come here.

## M R S . S C O T .

Lard ! Ma'm, I left it all to *Him*,  
 Husbands, you know, will have their whim.  
*He* took this house.—This house ! this den.— 25  
 See but the temper of some men.  
 And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,  
 To live *quite out of all the world*.  
 Husband, indeed !

## M R S . B R O W N .

Hift ! lower, pray,  
 The child hears every word you say.      30  
 See how he looks—

## M R S . S C O T .

*Jacky*, come here,  
 There's a good boy, look up, my dear.  
 'Twas not papa we talk'd about.  
 —Surely he cannot find it out.

## M R S . B R O W N .

See how the urchin holds his hands. 35  
Upon my life he understands.  
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come,  
Will *Jacky* have a sugar-plumb ?

## M R S . S C O T .

This Person, M A D A M , (call him so,  
And then the child will never know) 40  
From house to house would ramble out,  
And every night a drunken-bout.  
For at a tavern he will spend  
His twenty shillings with a friend.  
Your rabbits fricassee'd and chicken, 45  
With curious choice of dainty picking,  
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,  
With port and punch to wash 'em down,  
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,  
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton. 50

## M R S . B R O W N .

My good man too—Lord bless us ! Wives  
Are born to lead unhappy lives,—  
Altho' his profits bring him clear  
Almost two hundred pounds a year,  
Keeps me of cash so short and bare, 55  
That *I have not a gown to wear* ;  
Except my robe, and yellow sack,  
And this old lutestring on my back.

—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.  
 Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.      60  
 The KING, God bless his majesty, I say,  
 Goes to the house of lords to-day,  
 In a fine painted coach and eight,  
 And rides along in all his state.  
 And then the QUEEN—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know, 65  
 Great folks can always make a show.  
 But tell me, do—I've never seen  
 Her present majesty, the QUEEN.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard ! we've no time for talking now,  
 Hark !—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow. 70

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll soon have done,  
 It's time enough, you know, at one.

—Why, girl ! see how the creature stands ?  
 Some water here, to wash my hands.

—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps !      75

—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.

That bason there—why don't you pour ?

Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—

Lud ! I could beat the hussey down,

She's pour'd it all upon my gown.      80

—Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind ?

And pin my handkerchief behind.

Sure thou hast aukwardness enough,  
 Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.  
 —Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done, 85  
 I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.  
 Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,  
 And bring me back the key yourself.

M R S . B R O W N .

That clouded silk becomes you much,  
 I wonder, how you meet with such,  
 But you've a charming taste in dress. 90  
 What might it cost you, Madam ?

M R S . S C O T .

Gues~~s~~.

M R S . B R O W N .

Oh ! that's impossible—for I  
 Am in the world the worst to buy. 95

M R S . S C O T .

I never love to bargain hard,  
 Five shillings, as I think, a yard.  
 —I was afraid it should be gone—  
 'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.

M R S . B R O W N .

Indeed you bargain'd with success,  
 For its a most delightful dress. 100  
 Besides, it fits you to a hair,  
 And then 'tis slop'd with such an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think so,—*Kitty*, here,  
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.  
*Jacky*, my love, nay don't you cry,      105  
Take *you* abroad!—indeed not I;  
For all the *Eugaboes* to fright ye—  
Besides, the naughty horse will bite ye;  
With such a mob about the street,  
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.      110  
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,  
You'd better blubber, than be lame.  
The more you cry, the less you'll —  
—Come, come then, give mamma a kiss.  
*KITTY*, I say, here take the boy,      115  
And fetch him down the last new toy,  
Make him as merry as you can.  
—There, go to *KITTY*—there's a *man*.  
Call in the dog, and shut the door.  
Now, *MA'M.*

MRS. BROWN.

Oh lard!

MRS. BROWN.

Pray go before.      120

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard ! what an uproar ! what a throng !  
 How shall we do to get along ?  
 What will become of us ?—look here,      125  
 Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.  
 Let us cross over—haste, be quick.  
 —Pray sir, take care—your horse will kick.  
 He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.  
 —I'm glad I did not bring the child.      130

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,  
 Why don't you see the guards are gone ?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath ;  
 But I was almost scar'd to death.  
 For when a horse rears up and capers,      135  
 It always puts me in the vapours.  
 For as I live,—nay don't you laugh,  
 I'd rather see a toad by half,  
 They kick and prance, and look so bold,  
 It makes my very blood run cold.      140  
 But let's go forward—come, be quick,  
 The crowd again grows vastly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame ?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came? 145

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majesty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray  
To see him robe himself to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour,

TROY could not stand a siege for ever. 150  
By frequent trying, TROY was won,  
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well—she's gone—  
Shall we turn back, or venture on?  
Look how the folks press on before, 155  
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

*Perdigious!* I can hardly stand,  
Lord bless me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;  
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,  
For we must stick as close as burrs, 160  
Or in this racket, noise and pother,  
We certainly shall lose each other.

—Good God ! my cardinal and sack  
 Are almost torn from off my back.  
 Lard, I shall faint—Oh Lud—my breast— 165  
 I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.  
 God bless me—I have dropt my fan,  
 —Pray did you see it, honest man ?

M A N .

I, madam ! no,—indeed, I fear  
 You'll meet with some misfortune here. 170  
 —Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—  
 Why, don't you see the ladies there ?  
 Put yourselves under my direction,  
 Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.

M R S . S C O T .

You're very kind, sir ; truly few 175  
 Are half so complaisant as you.  
 We shall be glad at any day  
 This obligation to repay,  
 And you'll be always sure to meet  
 A welcome, sir, in—Lard ! the street 180  
 Bears such a name, I can't tell how  
 To tell him where I live, I vow.  
 —Mercy ! what's all this noise and stir ?  
 Pray is the KING a coming, sir ?

M A N .

No—don't you hear the people shout ? 185  
 'Tis Mr. PITT, just going out.

M R S . B R O W N .

Aye, there he goes, pray heav'n bleſſ him !

Well may the people all careſs him.

—Lord, how my husband us'd to fit,

And drink ſucces to honeſt P I T T ,

And, happy o'er his evening cheer,

Cry, you ſhall pledge this toaſt, my dear.

190

M A N .

Hift—ſilence—don't you hear the drumming ?

Now, ladies, now, the K I N G 's a coming.

There, don't you ſee the guards approach ?

195

M R S . B R O W N .

Which is the King ?

M R S . S C O T .

Which is the coach ?

S C O T C H M A N .

Which is the noble E A R L O F B U T E ?

Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a ſalute.

For he's the *Laird of aw our clan,*

Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man.*

200

M A N .

Here comes the Coach, fo very slow

As if it ne'er was made to go,

In all the gingerbread of state,

And ſtaggering under its own weight.

M R S . S C O T .

Upon my word, it's *monſtrous fine !*

Would half the gold upo'n were mine !

205

How gaudy all the gilding shews !  
 It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.  
 What a rich glare of various hues !  
 What shining yellows, scarlets, blues !      210  
 It must have cost a heavy price ;  
 'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

M R S . B R O W N .

So painted, gilded, and so large,  
 Bless me ! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.  
 And so it is—look how it reels !      215  
 'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.

M A N .

Large ! it can't pass St. James's gate,  
 So big the coach, the arch so strait.  
 It might be made to rumble thro',  
 And pass as other coaches do,      220  
 Could they a *body*-coachman get  
 So most preposterously fit,  
 Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)  
 Without a *head*, to drive the king.

M R S . S C O T .

Lard ! what are those two ugly things      225  
 There—with their hands upon the springs,  
 Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,  
 With naked breasts, and faces swell'd ?  
 What could the saucy maker mean,  
 To put such things to fright the QUEEN ?      230

MAN.

Oh ! they are Gods, Ma'am, which you see,  
 Of the *Marine Society*.  
*Tritons*, which in the ocean dwell,  
 And only rise to blow their shell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men ?  
 Why don't they go to sea again ?  
 Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,  
 What do these *Tritons* do on land ?

235

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they ? those hindmost things,  
 Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings ? 240

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,  
 All of one family and brothers,  
 Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,  
 Nor seen about the King before.  
 For Show, they wear the yellow Hue,  
 Their proper colour is True-blue.

245

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bless us ! what's this noise about ?  
 Lord, what a tumult and a rout !  
 How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot !  
 Well—Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTZ ! 250  
 I cannot stay, indeed, not I,  
 If there's a riot I shall die.

Let's make for any house we can,  
Do—give us shelter, honest man.

M R S . B R O W N .

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,  
I thought I should have died with fear.  
This noise and racketing and hurry  
Has put my nerves in such a flurry !  
I could not think where you was got,  
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. *Scot* ;  
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin* ?  
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

255

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## M A D N E S S.

BY THOMAS PENROSE.\*

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,  
Blow into rage the Muse's fires !  
*All* thy answers, Echo, bring,  
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,  
'Tis Madness self inspires.      5

Hail, awful Madness, hail !  
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,  
Far as the Voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.  
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee* ;  
Folly—Folly's only free.      10

Hark !—To the astonished ear  
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.  
They now approach, they now appear,—  
*Pbrenzy* leads her *Chorus* near,  
And Dæmons dance around.—      15

Pride—Ambition idly vain,  
Revenge, and Malice swell her train,—

\* Born 1743; dyed 1779.

Devotion warped—Affection crost—  
 Hope in Disappointment lost—  
 And injured Merit with a downcast eye,      20  
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,  
 Various voices, various cries,—  
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,  
 Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—      25  
*All* seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars  
 On *Thule's* desart shores,  
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air,  
 The fetter'd Maniac foams' along,      30  
 (Rage the burthen of his jarring song)  
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming  
 hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite  
 All former scenes of dear delight,  
 Connubial love—parental joy—      35  
 No sympathies like these his soul employ,  
 ——But all is dark within, all furious black Despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,  
 By too much tenderness betrayed;

Her gentle breast no angry passion fires, 40  
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,  
 All—but in reason, still the same.—

45

Streaming eyes,  
 Incessant sighs,  
 Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,  
 Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.  
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,  
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,  
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.

She starts—she flies—who dares so rude  
 On her sequester'd steps intrude ?—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—  
 Merry mischief fills his brain. 55  
 Blanket-robed, and antick crown'd  
 The mimick monarch skips around ;  
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,  
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected  
 wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan, 90  
 Drawn from the inmost soul !

“ Give the knife, Demons, or the poisoned bowl,  
 To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—  
 —'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.— 65  
 Sunk in the emphasis of grief,  
 Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,  
 Duteous daughter of the skies,  
 To warm and cheer the human mind, 70  
 To make men happy, good and wise,  
 To point, where fits in love arrayed,  
 Attentive to each suppliant call,  
 The God of universal aid,  
 The God, the Father of us all. 75

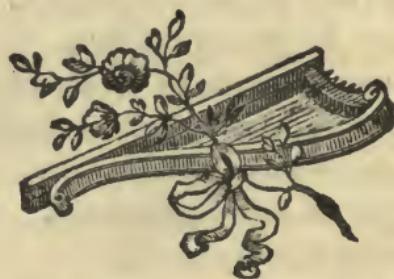
First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,  
 'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,  
 Bad Doubts to rise, and Tears to flow,  
 And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands, 80  
 (His beams of mercy thrown aside)  
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands,  
 And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,  
 And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies. 85

But ah!—too thick they croud,—too close they throng,  
 Objects of pity and affright!—

Spare farther the descriptive song—  
Nature shudders at the sight.—  
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale, go  
But o'er the hapless groupe low drop Compassion's  
veil.



## ELINOUR E AND JUGA.

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.\*

ONNE Ruddeborne<sup>1</sup> bank twa pynnge may-  
dens fate,  
Theire teares faste dryppeyng to the waterre  
cleere;  
Echone bementynge<sup>2</sup> for her absente mate,  
Who atte Seynte Albonns shouke the morthynge<sup>3</sup>  
speare.  
The nottebrowne Ellynor to Juga fayre      5  
Dydde speke acroole<sup>4</sup>, wyth languishment of  
eyne,  
Lyke droppes of pearlie dew, lemed<sup>5</sup> the quyvryng  
brine.

\* Born 1752; dyed 1770. These poems, with many others, the author pretended to have been written by Thomas Rowley, an imaginary priest of Bristol, in the 15th century: an imposition of which some of the best judges of old English poetry were at first the dupes, and which several writers of eminence have been found weak enough to support.

<sup>1</sup> Rudborn, (in Saxon, Red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York. <sup>2</sup> lamenting. <sup>3</sup> murdering. <sup>4</sup> faintly. <sup>5</sup> glistned.

## ELINOURÉ.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie <sup>6</sup> plainte,  
 To fyghte for Yorke mie love is dyght<sup>7</sup> in stele;  
 O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte,  
 Maie good seyncte Cuthberte watche syrre  
 Robynne wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feelle;  
 See! see! upon the grunde he bleedynge lies;  
 Inhild<sup>8</sup> some joice<sup>9</sup> of life, or else mie deare love dies.

## JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe, on thys daisē-ey'd banke, <sup>15</sup>  
 Where melancholych broods, we wylle lamente;  
 Be wette with mornynge dewe and evene danke;  
 Lyche levynde <sup>10</sup> okes in echo the oder bente,  
 Or lyke forlettenn <sup>11</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastlie mitches <sup>12</sup> holde the traine of  
 fryghte <sup>13</sup>,  
 Where lethale <sup>14</sup> ravens bark, and owlets wake the  
 nyghte.

## [ ELINOURÉ. ]

No mo the miskynette <sup>15</sup> shall wake the morne,  
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce  
 plaiie;

<sup>6</sup> sad complaint. <sup>7</sup> arrayed, or cased. <sup>8</sup> infuse. <sup>9</sup> juice.  
<sup>10</sup> blasted. <sup>11</sup> so faken. <sup>12</sup> ruins. <sup>13</sup> fear. <sup>14</sup> deadly or  
 deathbeding. a <sup>15</sup> small bagpipe.

No mo the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the lessel<sup>16</sup> rouze the foxe awaie; 25  
 I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;  
 Alle nete amenge the gravde chirche<sup>17</sup> glebe  
 wyll goe,  
 And to the passante spryghtes lecture<sup>18</sup> mie tale of woe.

## [ JUGA.]

Whan mokie<sup>19</sup> cloudes do hange upon the leme  
 Of leden<sup>20</sup> moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte; 30  
 The tryppeynge faeries weve the golden dreme  
 Of selyness<sup>21</sup>, whyche flyethe with the nyghte;  
 Thenne (butte the scynctes forbydde!) gif to a  
 spryghte  
 Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dys-  
 traughte  
 Hys bledeynge clai-colde corse, and die eche daie  
 yn thoughte. 35

## ELINOURÉ.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can  
 shewe!  
 Thou limed<sup>22</sup> ryver, on thie linche<sup>23</sup> mai bleede  
 Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie  
 waterres flowe,

<sup>16</sup> in a confined sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest. <sup>17</sup> church yard. <sup>18</sup> relate. <sup>19</sup> black. <sup>20</sup> decreasing. <sup>21</sup> happiness. <sup>22</sup> glassy. <sup>23</sup> bank.

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme  
indeede!

Haste, gentle Juga, trippe ytte oere the meade,  
To knowe, or wheder wee muste waile agayne,  
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the  
plain.

Soe saieing, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
Or twain of cloudes that holdeth stormie raine;  
Theie moved gentle o're the dewie mees<sup>24</sup>, 45  
To where seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theye finde that bothe their knyghtes  
were fleyne;

Distraughte<sup>25</sup> theie wandered to swollen Rud-  
borne's fyde,

Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke in the waves,  
and dyde.



### SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE  
YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

BY THE SAME.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,

<sup>24</sup> 'meads.' <sup>25</sup> distracted. This little glossary is peculiarly Chattertons own, many of the words it explains being invented by himself.

Lett thy sone bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude  
redde hue 5

Lyche kynge-cuppes brastyng wythe the mor-  
ning due,

Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,  
Uponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;

Than dyddst thou furious stande, 10  
And bie thie valyante hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bic thyne anlace felle,  
Downe to the depthe of helle  
Thousandes of Dacyanns went ;  
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,  
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,  
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer {thie bones att rest)  
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth beste, 20  
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,  
Orr whare thou kennest fromm farre  
The dysmall crye of warre,  
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of slayne;  
Orr seest the hatched stede, 25  
Ypranceyng o'er the mede,

And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres ;  
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde  
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
 And glowe ardurous onn the castle steeres ;      30

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare ;  
 Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care ;  
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumyng fyre ;  
 Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde,  
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,      35  
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.



## BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE :

OR THE DETHE OF  
SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.\*

BY THE SAME.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer  
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
 And tolde the earlie villager  
 The commynge of the morne :

\* This poem seems to have been occasioned by some account the author had met with of the death of sir Baldwin Fulford of Fulford in the county of Devon, a zealous partisan of the house of Lancaster, who was beheaded at Bristol in 1461, the first year of king Edward IV. William Canyng being then mayor, and one of the commissioners at his trial.

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes      5  
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie ;  
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte  
 Proclayme the fated daie.

“ Thou’rt ryght,” quod hee, “ for, by the godde  
 “ That syttes enthron’d on hyghe !      10  
 “ Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 “ To-diae shall surelie die.”

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale  
 Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite ;  
 “ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-diae      15  
 “ Hee leaves thyss mortall state.”

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,  
 Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe ;  
 Hee journey’d to the castle-gate,  
 And to syr Charles dydd goe.      20

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,  
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,  
 Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,  
 For goode syr Charleses lyfe.

“ O good syr Charles !” sayd Canterlone;      25  
 “ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave syr Charles,  
 “ Whatte says thie traytor kynge ?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne  
 “ Does fromme the welkinn flye,                           30  
 “ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,  
 “ That thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave syr Charles ;  
 “ Of thatte I’m not affearde ;  
 “ Whatte bootes to lyve a little space ?                   35  
 “ Thanke Jesu, I’m prepar’d :

“ Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee’s not,  
 “ I’d sooner die to-dai  
 “ Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,  
 “ Tho’ I shoulde lyve for aie.”                           40

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,  
 To telle the maior straite  
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyng  
 For goode syr Charleses fate.

Then maisterr Canyng saughte the kynge,                   45  
 And felle down onne hys knee ;  
 “ I’m come,” quod he, “ unto your grace,  
 “ To move your clemencye.”

Thenne quod the kynge, “ Youre tale speke out;  
“ You have been much oure friende ;      50  
“ Whatever youre request may bee,  
“ Wee wylle to ytte attende.”

“ My nobile leige ! alle my request  
“ Ys for a nobile knyghte,  
“ Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55  
“ Hee thoghte ytte styllie was ryghte :

“ Hee has a spouse and children twaine,  
“ Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;  
“ Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett  
“ Charles Bawdin die to-daiie.”      60

“ Speke nott of such a traytour vile,”  
The kynge ynne furie sayde ;  
“ Before the evening starre doth sheene,  
“ Bawdin shall loose hys hedde :

“ Justice does loudlie for hym calle,      65  
“ And hee shalle have hys meede :  
“ Speke, maister Canyng ! Whatte thyngel else  
“ Att present doe you neede ?”

“ My nobile leige !” good Canyng sayde,  
“ Leave justice to our godde,      70  
“ And laye the yronne rule asyde ;  
“ Be thyne the olyve rodde.

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,  
   “ The best were synners grete ;  
   “ Christ’s vycarr only knowes ne synne,      75  
   “ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,  
   “ ’Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure ;  
   “ From race to race thy familie  
   “ All sov’reigns shall endure :      80

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou  
   “ Beginne thy infante reigne,  
   “ Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows  
   “ Wylle never long remayne.”

“ Canyng, awaie ! thys traytour vile      85  
   “ Has scorn’d my power and mee ;  
   “ Howe canst thou thenine for such a manne  
   “ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile leige ! the trulie brave  
   “ Wylle val’rous actions prize,      90  
   “ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,  
   “ Altho’ ynne enemies.”

“ Canyng, awaie ! By Godde ynne heav’n  
   “ Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,  
   “ I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade      95  
   “ Whilst thys syr Charles dothe lyve.

“ By Marie, and alle seinctes ynne heav’n,  
 “ Thys funne shall be hys laiste.”

Thenne Canyng dropt a brinie teare,  
 And from the presence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,  
 Hee to syr Charles dydd goe,  
 And fatt hymm downe upponne a stoole,  
 And teares beganne to flowe.

“ Wee all must die,” quod brave syr Charles ;  
 “ Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne ?  
 “ Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate  
 “ Of all wee mortall menne.

“ Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul  
 “ Runns over att thyne eie ; 110  
 “ Is ytte for my most welcomé doome  
 “ Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye ?”

Quod godlie Canyng, “ I doe weepe,  
 “ That thou soone must dye,  
 “ And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe ; 115  
 “ ’Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye.”

“ Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye  
 “ From godlie fountaines sprynge ;  
 “ Dethe I despise, and alle the power  
 “ Of Edwardre, traytor kynge. 120

“ Whan throgh the tyrant’s welcom means  
 “ I shall resigne my lyfe,  
 “ The godde I serve wylle soone provyde  
 “ For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

“ Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,      125  
 “ Thys was appointed mee ;  
 “ Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
 “ Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee ?

“ Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,  
 “ Whan thousfands dy’d arounde ;      130  
 “ Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode  
 “ Imbrew’d the fatten’d grounde :

“ Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev’ry darte,  
 “ Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
 “ Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,      135  
 “ And close myne eyes for aie ?

“ And shall I nowe, forr feere of deth,  
 “ Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?  
 “ Ne ! fromm my herte flie chyldyshe feere,  
 “ Bee alle the manne display’d.      140

“ Ah, goddelyke Henrie ! Godde forefende,  
 “ And guarde thee and thye sonne,  
 “ Yff ’tis hys wylle ; but yff ’tis nott,  
 “ Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

“ My honest friende, my faulte has beeene      145  
   “ To serve Godde and mye prynce ;  
 “ And thatt I no tyme-server am  
   “ My dethe wylle soone convynce.

“ Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,  
   “ Of parents of grete note ;      150  
 “ My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
   “ Emblazon onne hys cote :

“ I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone  
   “ Where soone I hope to goe ;  
 “ Where wee for ever shall bee blest,      155  
   “ From oute the reech of woe :

“ Hee taughte mee justice and the laws  
   “ Wyth pitie to unite ;  
 “ And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe  
   “ The wronge cause fromm the ryghte :      160

“ Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande  
   “ To feede the hungrye poore,  
 “ Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie  
   “ The hungrye fromme my doore :

“ And none can saye, butt alle my lyfe      165  
   “ I have hys wordyes kept ;  
 “ And summ'd the actyonns of the daie  
   “ Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,  
 " Yff I defyl'd her bedde ? 170  
 " I have a kynge, and none can laie  
 " Blacke treason onne my hedde.  
  
 " Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 " Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne ;  
 " Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd 175  
 " To leave thys worlde of payne ?  
  
 " Ne ! hapless Henrie ! I rejoyce,  
 " I shalle ne see thye dethe ;  
 " Moiste willynglie ynne thye just cause  
 " Doe I resign my brethe. 180  
  
 " Oh, fickle people ! rewyn'd londe !  
 " Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe ;  
 " Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,  
 " Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.  
  
 " Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace, 185  
 " And godlie Henrie's reigne,  
 " Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 " For those of bloude and peyne ?  
  
 " Whatte tho' I onne a fledde bee drawne,  
 " And mangled by a hynde, 190  
 " I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,  
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde ;

“ Whatte tho’, uphoisted onne a pole,

“ Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,

“ And ne ryche monument of brasse

195

“ Charles Bawdin’s name shall bear;

“ Yett ynne the holie booke above,

“ Whyche tyme can’t eate awaie,

“ There wythe the farvants of the lorde

“ Mye name shall lyve for aie.

200

“ Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne

“ I leave thys mortall lyfe :

“ Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that’s deare,

“ Mye sonnes and lovyng wif !

“ Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,

205

“ As e’er the moneth of Maie ;

“ Nor would I even wylshe to lyve,

“ Wyth my dere wif to staie.”

Quod Canynge, “ ’Tis a goodlie thyng

“ To bee prepar’d to die ;

210

“ And from thys world of peyne and grefe

“ To Godde ynne heav’n to flie.”

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,

And claryonnes to sounde ;

Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete

215

A prauencyng onne the grounde :

And juste before the officers,  
 His lovyng wif came ynne,  
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,  
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

“ Sweet Florence ! nowe I pracie forbere,  
 “ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;  
 “ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Christian soule  
 “ Maye looke onne deth as I.

“ Sweet Florence ! why these brinie teeres ? 225  
 “ Theye washe my soule awaie,  
 “ And almost make mee wyfhe for lyfe,  
 “ Wyth thee, sweet dame, to staie.

“ Tys butt a journie I shalle goe  
 “ Untoe the lande of blysse ; 230  
 “ Nowe, as a proofe of husbande’s love,  
 “ Receive thys holie kysse.”

Thenne Florence, fault’ring ynne her saie,  
 Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,  
 “ Ah, cruele Edwarde ! bloudie kynge ! 235  
 “ My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

“ Ah, sweete syr Charles ! why wylt thou goe,  
 “ Wythoute thye lovyng wif ?  
 “ The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,  
 “ Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.” 240

And nowe the officers came ynne  
To brynge syr Charles awaie,  
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wif,  
And thus toe her dydd faie :

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to deth ;      245  
" Truste thou ynne Godde above,  
" And teache thye sonnes to feare the lorde,  
" And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

“ Teache them to runne the nobile race  
    “ Thatt I theyre fader runne :                          250  
“ Florence ! shou’d deth thee take—adieu !  
    “ Yee officers, leade onne.”

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,  
And dydd her tresses tere ;  
“ Oh ! staie, mye husbande ! lorde ! and lyfe ! ” —  
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

\*Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,  
Shee fallen onne the flore ;  
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,  
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a fledge hee mounted thenne,  
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;  
Lookes, that enshone ne moe concern  
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, } 265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,  
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,  
Muche glorious to beholde :

The freers of seintse Auguslyne next  
Appeared to the syghte,  
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes, 270  
Of godlie monkysh plyghe :

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume  
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;  
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came, 275  
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;  
Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
From rescue of kynge Henries friends  
Syr Charles for to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came fyr Charles,  
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,  
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,  
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285  
Of archers stronge and stoute,  
With bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
Marched ynne goodlie route.

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,  
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ; 290  
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,  
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't ;  
And theyre attendyng men echone,  
Lyke Easterne princes trickt : 295

And after them a multitude ·  
Of citizens dydd thronge ;  
The wyndowes were alle fulle of hedes,  
As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,  
“ O thou, thatt faveſt manne fromme synne,  
“ Washe mye ſoule clean thyſ daie !”

At the grete mynſterr wyndowe ſat  
The kynge ynne myckle ſtate,  
To ſee Charles Bawdin goe alonge  
To hys moft welcom fate. 305

Soone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,  
The brave syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,  
And thus hys wordes declare :

“ Thou seest mee, Edwarde ! traytour vile !

“ Expos’d to infamie ;

“ Butt bee assur’d, disloyall manne !

315

“ I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

“ Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

“ Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

“ And hast appoynted mee to dye,

“ By power nott thyne owne.

320

“ Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daiie ;

“ I have beene dede ’till nowe,

“ And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne

“ For aie uponne my browe :

“ Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares, 325

“ Shalt rule this fickle lande,

“ To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

“ ’Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

“ Thye pow’r unjust, thou traytour slave !

“ Shall falle onne thye owne hedde”—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde’s soule rush’d to hys face,

Hee turn’d hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder Gloucester

335

Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

“ To hym that soe-much-dreaded deth  
 “ Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,  
 “ Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,  
 “ Hee’s greater thanne a kynge !”      34•

“ Soe lett hym die !” duke Richard sayde ;  
 “ And maye echone oure foes  
 “ Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,  
 “ And feede the carryon crowes.”

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe      315  
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle ;  
 The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,  
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,  
 As uppe a gilded carre      35•  
 Of victorye, bye val’rous chiefs  
 Gayn’d ynne the bloudie warre :

And to the people hee dydd saie,  
 “ Beholde you see mee dye,  
 “ For servynge loyally mye kynge,      355.  
 “ Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

“ As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,  
 “ Ne quiet you wylle knowe ;  
 “ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,  
 “ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.      36•

“ You leave youre goode and lawfull kynges,  
 “ Whenne ynne adverfitye ;  
 “ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,  
 “ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preefes, uponne hys knees, 365  
 A pray'r to Godde dydde make,  
 Befeechynge hym unto hymfelfe  
 Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde  
 Most feemlie onne the blocke ; 370  
 Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once  
 ‘ The able heddes-manne stroke :

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;  
 And teares, enow to washe’t awaie,  
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann’s eyne. 375

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte ;  
 And ev’rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Uponne a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwalph-hylle,  
 One onne the mynster-tower,  
 And one from off the castle-gate  
 The crowen dydd devoure :

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385  
A dreery spectacle ;  
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate :

Godde prosper longe oure kynge, 390  
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,  
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge !



LIVERPOOL  
LIBRARY

A SONNET  
MADE ON  
ISABELLA MARKHAME,

WHEN I FIRSTE THOUGHT HER FAYER,  
AS SHE STOOD AT THE PRINCESS'S  
WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTIRE, AND  
TALKED TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-  
YARD.

BY JOHN HARINGTON, ESQ. \*

I.

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose,  
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose ;  
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse ;  
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.  
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,  
Ah me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stome.

II.

The blusynge cheek speakes modest mynde,  
The lipps befitting wordes moste kynde ;  
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,  
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;  
Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,  
Syth noughe dothe faye the hearte of stome.

\* Born 1500; dyed 1582.

## III.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,  
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushyng cheeke,  
Yet not a hearte to save my paine,  
O Venus, take thy giftes again:  
Make not so faire to cause our moane,  
Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.

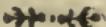


## EPIGRAMS.

BY SIR JOHN HARINGTON, KT.\*

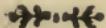
### OF PLAINE DEALING.

MY writings oft displease you: what's the matter?  
You loue not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.



### TO AN ILL READER.

The verses, Sextus, thou doost read, are mine;  
But with bad reading thou wilt make them thine.



### OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?  
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.



### OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth giue too much to many:  
But yet shee never gaue enough to any.

\* Born 15.1; dyed 1612.

OF TWO THAT WERE MARRIED AND  
VNDONE.

A fond yong couple, making haste to marry,  
Without their parents will, or friends consent,  
After one month their marriage did repent,  
And said unto the Bishops Ordinary,  
That this their act, so vndiscreetly done;  
Might by his more discretion be vndone.  
Upon which motion he awhile did pause:  
At length, he for their comforts to them said,  
It had beene better (friends) that you had staid:  
But now you are so hampered in the Lawes,  
That I this knot may not vntye (my sonne)  
Yet I will grant you both shall be vndone.



## THE COMPLAINT OF A SCHOLAR.

BY THOMAS NASH.\*

Why ist damnation to dispaire and die,  
When life is my true happinesse disease ?  
My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flie  
The faultie meanes that might my paine appease :  
Divines and dying men may talke of hell,      5  
But in my heart her feuerall torments dwell.

Ah worthlesse wit, to traine me to this woe !  
Deceitfull arts that nourish discontent !  
Ill chriue the folly that bewitcht me so ;  
Vaine thoughts, adieu, for now I will repent :    10  
And yet my wants perswade me to proceed,  
Since none takes pittie of a schollers need.

Forgiue me, god, although I curse my birth,  
And ban the ayre, wherein I breath a wretch ;  
Since miserie hath daunted all my mirth,      15  
And I am quite vndone through promise-breach.  
Oh friends, no friends, that then vngently frowne,  
When changing Fortune casts vs headlong downe.

\* Born 15...; dyed 1600.

Without redresse complaines my carelesse verse,  
And Midas-eares relent not at my moane :      20  
In some far land will I my grieses rehearse,  
Mongst them that will be mou'd when I shall groane.

England, adieu, the soyle that brought me forth,  
Adieu, vnkinde, where skill is nothing worth.



## TO CÆLIA.

BY RICHARD DUKE.\*

FLY swift, ye hours ; ye sluggish minutes, fly ;  
Bring back my love, or let her lover dye.  
Make haste, O sun, and to my eyes once more,  
My Cælia, brighter than thyself, restore.  
In spight of thee, 'tis night when she's away,      57  
Her eyes alone can the glad beams display,  
That make my sky look clear, and guide my day,  
O when will she lift up her sacred light,  
And chase away the flying shades of night !  
With her how fast the flowing hours run on !      10  
But oh ! how long they stay when she is gone !  
So slowly time when clogg'd with grief does move ;  
So swift when born upon the wings of love !  
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,  
Yet 'tis an age since I beheld her last.      15  
O, my auspicious star, make haste to rise,  
To charm our hearts, and bless our longing eyes !  
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,  
And cheer my own with their reflected rays !  
How my impatient, thirsty soul does long,      20  
To hear the charming musick of thy tongue !  
Where pointed wit with solid judgment grows,  
And in one easie stream united flows.

\* Born 1611; dyed 1710.

When-e'er you speak, with what delight we hear,  
You call up every soul to every ear !                  25

Nature's too prodigal to woman-kind,  
Ev'n where she does neglect t' adorn the mind ;  
Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,  
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.  
But, oh ! when wit and sense with beauty's join'd, 30  
The woman's sweetness with the manly mind ;  
When nature with so just a hand does mix  
The most engaging charms of either sex ;  
And out of both that thus in one combine  
Does something form not humane but divine, 35  
What's her command, but that we all adore  
The noblest work of her almighty power !  
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,  
Since love's thy debt, nor is our choice but fate.  
Where nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay, 40  
Nor have the liberty to disobey :  
And whensoe'er she does a poet make,  
She gives him verse but for thy beauty's sake.  
Had I a pen that could at once impart  
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,              45  
Then the immortal Sacharissa's name  
Should be but seconed in the list of fame ;  
Each grove, each shade, should with thy praise be  
fill'd,  
And the fam'd Penshurst to our Windsor yield.

## A SOLILOQUY out of ITALIAN.

BY SIR SAMUEL GARTH, KT. M. D. \*

Cou'd he whom my dissembled rigour grieves,  
But know what torment to my soul it gives,  
He'd find how fondly I return his flame,  
And want myself the pity he wou'd claim.

Immortal gods ! why has your doom decreed      5  
Two wounded hearts with equal pangs shou'd bleed ?  
Since that great law, which your tribunal guides,  
Has join'd in love whom destiny divides ;  
Repent, you pow'rs, the injuries you cause,  
Or change our natures, or reform your laws.      10

Unhappy partner of my killing pain,  
Think what I feel the moment you complain.  
Each sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest part,  
So much my lips misrepresent my heart.  
When from your eyes the falling drops distil,  
My vital blood in every tear you spill :  
And all those mournful agonies I hear  
Are but the echoes of my own despair.

\* Born 16..; dyed 1719.

T O M R. G A Y,

O N H I S P O E M S.

B Y T H E S A M E.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plains  
The lays she once had learn'd repeat,  
All listn'd to the tuneful strains,  
And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.  
'Twas thus. The graces held the lyre,  
Th' harmonious frame the muses strung,  
The loves and smiles compos'd the choir,  
And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.



AN ODE  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOHN LORD GOWER.  
WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.  
BY ELIJAH FENTON.\*

I.

O'er Winter's long inclement sway,  
At length the lusty Spring prevails ;  
And, swift to meet the smiling May,  
Is wasted by the western gales.  
Around him dance the rosy Hours,  
And damasking the ground with flow'rs,  
With ambient sweets perfume the morn :  
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,  
A sudden youth the groves enjoy ;  
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

5

30

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir  
To hail the coming god prepares ;  
And tempts me to resume the lyre,  
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.

\* Born 16..; died 1730.

Yet once more, O ye muses ! deign                    15  
 For me, the meanest of your train,  
 Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat :  
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,  
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string ;  
 Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.                    20

## III.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,  
 Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play ;  
 Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,  
 Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day :

Thither, indulgent to my pray'r,                    25  
 Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,  
 To swell the notes I feebly raise :  
 So with inspiring ardors warm'd,  
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,  
 To listen to my lays.                                    30

## I.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,  
 Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede  
 To dint of sword defies the foe ;  
 In fight unknowing to recede :  
 From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar                    35  
 Leads forth his fury troops to war ;  
 Fond of the softer southern sky :  
 The Soldan gauls th' Illyrian coast ;  
 But soon the miscreant moony host  
 Before the victor-cross shall fly.                            40

## II.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note  
 The muse's green retreat can pierce ;  
 The grove, from noisy camps remote,  
 Is only vocal with my verse :  
 Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,  
 Let the soft Hours that o'er me fly  
 Drop freedom, health, and gay desires ;  
 While the bright Sein, t' exalt the soul,  
 With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl ;  
 And wit, and social mirth inspires.

45

50

## III.

Enamour'd of the Sein, celestial fair,  
 (The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)  
 Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,  
 Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain :

There secret in her saphire cell,  
 He with the Nais wont to dwell ;  
 Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove :  
 And where her mazy waters flow,  
 He gave the mantling vine, to grow  
 A trophy to his love.

55

6a

## I.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,  
 With blind Opinion for his guide ;  
 And, rebel to her rightful sway,  
 Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?

Fool! Time no change of motion knows ;      65  
 With equal speed the torrent flows,  
 To sweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away :  
 The *past* is all by Death possess'd ;  
 And frugal Fate that guards the rest,  
 By giving, bids him live, *today*.      70

## II.

O Gower ! thro' all that destin'd space,  
 What breath the pow'r's allot to me ;  
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race  
 United, and compleat in thee.

O flow'r of antient English faith !      75  
 Persue th' unbeatn patriot-path,  
 In which confirm'd thy father shone :  
 The light his fair example gives,  
 Already from thy dawn receives  
 A lustre equal to its own.      80

## III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd  
 Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume ;  
 Loud Psalms echoing round the roof are hear'd,  
 And clouds of incense all the void perfume.

There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,      85  
 With Falkland seated near his side,  
 Fix'd by the muse the temple grace :  
 Prophetic of thy happier fame,  
 She, to receive thy radiant name,  
 Selects a whiter space.      90

## THE ROSE-BUD.

TO 'THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY  
JANE WHARTON.'

BY WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.\*

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,  
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !  
The winter's past, the tempests fly,  
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;      5  
The lark sweet warbling on the wing  
Salutes the gay return of spring :  
The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,  
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs ;  
The joyous fields, the shady woods,      10  
Are cloath'd with green, or swell with buds ;  
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

Thou, beauteous flow'r, a welcome guest,  
Shalt flourish on the fair-one's breast,      15  
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair ;  
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !  
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise !  
And haste thy beauties to disclose,      20  
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

\* Born 16...; dyed 1745.

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey  
 In this sweet offspring of a day ;  
 That miracle of face must fail,  
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail : 25  
 Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly,  
 At morn they bloom, at evening die :  
 'Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,  
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares ;  
 Now Helen lives alone in fame, 30  
 And Cleopatra's but a name ;  
 Time must indent that heav'nly brow,  
 And thou must be, what ' they are' now.

This moral to the fair disclose,  
 Queen of fragrance, lovely rose. 35



## ADDRESS

TO HIS

ELBOW-CHAIR,

NEW CLOATHED.

BY WILLIAM SOMERVILE, ESQ.\*

My dear companion, and my faithful friend !  
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;  
If stones and rubbish at Amphion's call,  
Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall ;  
Why shouldst not *thou* attend my humble lays, 5  
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?

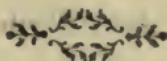
True thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;  
But what are trappings and external show ?  
To real worth alone I make my court ;  
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport. 10  
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay ;  
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;  
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;  
Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house.  
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before ! 15  
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore :  
'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round ;  
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.

\* Born 16...; dyed 17...

Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd ;  
 I knew thy worth ; my friend in rags I lov'd ;  
 I lov'd thee, *more* ; nor, like a courtier spurn'd  
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.  
 With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,  
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.  
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd ;  
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.  
 But sage experience taught me how to prize  
 My self ; and how, this world : she bad me rise  
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race  
 Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place      30 }  
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace. }

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure ;  
 And, patiently, what heaven has sent, endure ;  
 From all the futile cares of business free ;  
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content to *be* :      35  
 Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;  
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies ;  
 And all the malice of the storm defies :  
 With ease of body blest, and peace of mind,      40  
 Pities the restless crew he left behind ;  
 While in his cell, he meditates alone  
 On his great voyage, to the world unknown.



## THE GENIUS.

AN ODE, WRITTEN IN 1717, ON OCCASION  
OF THE DUKE OF MARLBRO'S APOPLEXY.

BY LEONARD WELSTED. \*

### I.

AWFUL hero, Marlbro' rise :  
Sleepy charms I come to break :  
Hither turn thy languid eyes :  
Lo ! thy Genius calls ; awake !

### II.

Well survey this faithful plan,  
Which records thy life's great story ;  
'Tis a short, but crowded span,  
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

### III.

One by one thy deeds review :  
Sieges, battles, thick appear ;  
Former wonders, lost in new,  
Greatly fill each pompous year.

### IV.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,  
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !  
Here retiring squadrons yield,  
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd !

\* Born 16..; dyed 1749.

## V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind  
 All the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
 Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,  
 Be the subject of thy thought.

20

## VI.

Rest thee here, while life may last :  
 Th' utmost bliss, to man allow'd,  
 Is to trace his actions past,  
 And to own 'em great and good.

## VII.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born !  
 Swift the fading scenes remove—  
 Let 'em pass with noble scorn,  
 Thine are worlds which roll above.

25

## VIII.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,  
 Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;  
 Men, who acted wondrous things,  
 Tho' they yield in fame to thee.

30

## IX.

Foremost, in the patriot-band,  
 Shining with distinguish'd day,  
 See, thy friend, Godolphin stand !  
 See ! he beckons thee away.

35

## X.

Yonder seats and fields of light  
 Let thy ravish'd thought explore :  
 Wishing, panting for thy right !  
 Half an angel ; man no more.

40

VERSES  
DESIGNED FOR A  
WATCH CASE.

BY JOHN BYROM.\*

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,  
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen ;  
But, true to nature's regulating pow'r,  
By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour ;  
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought, 5  
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought ;  
Sweet health, to pass the present moment o'er ;  
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.



EXTEMPORE.

INTENDED TO ALLAY THE VIOLENCE OF  
PARTY-SPIRIT.

BY THE SAME.

GOD bless the king, I mean the faith's defender ;  
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender ;  
But who pretender is, or who is king,  
God bless us all—that's quite another thing.

\* Born 1707; dyed 1763.

## B E D L A M.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD.\*

—MAJOR PARCAS INSANE MINORI.

WHERE proud Augusta, blest with long repose,  
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows,  
Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height  
A stately fabric rises to the sight.  
Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,      5  
And sweet proportion crowns the whole design ;  
Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,  
Consummate art informs the breathing stone ;  
Far other views than these within appear,  
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.      10  
For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds  
A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds ;  
From This, from That, from ev'ry quarter rise  
Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries ;  
Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,  
And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Thus, when in some fair Human form we find  
The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,

\* Born 16...; dyed 17...

Griev'd we behold such beauty given in vain,  
And nature's fairest work survey with pain.      20

Within the chambers which this dome contains,  
In all her frantic forms Distraction reigns.

For when the sense from various objects brings,  
Through organs craz'd, the images of things ;  
Ideas, all extravagant and vain,      25

In endless swarms croud in upon the brain :  
The cheated reason true and false confounds,  
And forms her notions from fantastic grounds.  
Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,  
And choler in the constitution reigns,      30

Outrageous fury straight inflames the soul,  
Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll ;  
Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,  
And roars and foams ; and earth and heav'n defies.  
Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,  
And lumpish phlegm the thick'ned mass congeals :  
All lifeless then is the poor patient found,  
And sits for ever moping on the ground ;  
His active pow'rs their uses all forego,

Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs their functions know.  
In melancholy lost, the vital flame  
Informs, and just informs the lifeless frame.  
If brisk the circulating tides advance,  
And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,  
Then all the images delightful rise,      45  
The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes ;

The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,  
In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind ;  
Frolick and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,  
And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour. 50

Now ent'ring in, my muse, thy theme pursue,  
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port  
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,  
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,  
Extends a vast imaginary sway.

Utopian princes bow before his throne,  
Lands unexisting his dominion own, }  
And airy realms and regions in the moon.

The pride of dignity, the pomp of state, 60  
The dazzling glories of the envy'd Great,  
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,

And guards and courtiers croud his empty cell.  
See how he walks majestic through the throng !

(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along) 65  
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,  
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,  
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,  
Supreme of monarchs, First of Human kind.

Such joyful ecstasy as this possest 70  
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast ;  
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,  
The world's proud vistor, Rome's Imperial lord,

With all his glories in their utmost height,  
And all his pow'r display'd before his sight,      75  
Unumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,  
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.  
With laurell'd ensigns, glitt'ring from afar,  
His legions, glorious partners of the war,      }  
His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car:  
Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,  
And endless acclamations rend the skies.  
For This to vex mankind with dire alarms,  
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,  
From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,      85  
Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew,  
But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,  
The plague of nations, and the scourge of god.

Poor Cloe——whom yon little cell contains,  
Of broken vows and faithless man complains:      90  
Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe:  
Her tears in melancholy silence flow.  
Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,  
Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes,  
And form her wild ideas as they rove,      95  
To all the tender images of love;  
And still she sooths and feeds the flatt'ring pain,  
False as he is, still, still she loves her swain;  
To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey,  
And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.      100

So mourns th' imprison'd lark his hapless fate,  
In love's soft season ravish'd from his mate,  
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,  
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,  
And moans and droops, with pining grief opprest, 105  
Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo ! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,  
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd ;  
His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,  
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares ; 110  
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,  
And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.  
See, from Himself the Fordid niggard steals,  
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals ;  
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords, 115  
And starves his carcase to increase his hoards,  
'Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,  
And stink in ev'ry corner of his cell.  
And thus with wondrous wisdom he purveys  
Against contingent want, and rainy days, 120  
And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,  
But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Behold a sage ! immers'd in thought profound :  
For science He, for various skill renown'd.  
At no mean ends his speculations aim, 125  
(Vile self he scorns, nor covets empty fame)  
The Public good, the welfare of mankind  
Employ the generous labour of his mind.

For this his rich imagination teems  
With rare inventions and important schemes ; 130  
All day his close attention he applies,  
Nor gives he midnight slumbers to his eyes ;  
Content if this his toilsom studies crown,  
And for the world's repose negle&cts his own.  
All nature's secret causes he explores, 135  
'The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs :  
Hence ev'n the elements his art obey,  
O'er earth, o'er fire, he spreads his wondrous sway,  
And through the liquid sky, and o'er the wat'ry way. }  
Hence, ever pregnant with some vast design, 140  
He drains the moor-land, or he sinks the mine,  
Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,  
Or stops the roaring torrents of the main :  
Forc'd up by fire he bids the water rise,  
And points its course reverted to the skies. 145  
His ready fancy still supplies the means,  
Forges his tools, and fixes his machines,  
Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,  
And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains.  
All problems has his lively thought subdu'd, 150  
Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,  
And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd :  
'The grand *arcane* once he had attain'd,  
Had quite atttain'd, but that a pipkin broke,  
And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke. 155  
And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,  
A scheme he finish'd for his countay's weal :

This, in a private conference made known,  
 A statesman stole, and us'd it for his own :  
 And then, O baseness ! the deceit to blind,      160  
 Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.

The muse forbears to visit ev'ry cell,  
 Each form, each object of distress to tell ;  
 To shew the fopling curious in his dress,  
 Gayly trick'd out in gaudy raggedness :      165  
 The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams  
 Of pagan gods, and Heliconian streams :  
 The wild enthusiast, that despairing fees  
 Predestin'd wrath, and heav'n's severe decrees ;  
 Thro' these, thro' more sad scenes she grieves to go,  
 And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on These reflect with kind concern,  
 And hence this just, this useful lesson learn :  
 If strong desires thy reasoning pow'rs control ;  
 If arbitrary passions sway thy soul ;      175  
 If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,  
 If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,  
 Alas ! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.      }  
 In these poor Bedlamites thy Self survey,  
 Thy Self, less innocently mad than They.      180



THE  
MAN OF TASTE.  
OCCASION'D BY AN  
EPISTLE  
OF MR. POPE'S ON THAT SUBJECT.  
BY . . . . BRAMSTON.\*

WHOEVER he be that to a Taste aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires.  
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,  
Not what was once, but what is now polite.  
Those who of courtly France have made the tour, 5  
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure.  
But honest men, who never were abroad,  
Like England only, and its Taste applaud.  
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût,  
Books or the world, the many or the few, 10  
True Taste to me is by this touchstone known,  
That's always best that's nearest to my own.  
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,  
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.  
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother fold, 15  
He a dramatick poet, she a scold.

\* Born 1700; dyed 1700.

His tragic Muse could countesses affright,  
‘ Her’ wit in boxes was my lord’s delight.  
No mercenary priest e’er join’d their hands,  
Uncramp’d by wedlock’s unpoetick bands.      20  
Laws my Pindarick parents matter’d not,  
So I was tragi-comically got.  
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,  
I squall’d in distichs, and in triplets wept.  
No youth did I in education waste,      25  
Happy in an hereditary Taste.  
Writing ne’er cramp’d the sinews of my thumb,  
Nor barb’rous birch e’er brush’d my tender bum.  
My guts ne’er suffer’d from a college cook,  
My name ne’er enter’d in a buttery-book.      30  
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,  
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :  
Since these declin’d, those undeclin’d they call,  
I thank my stars that I declin’d them all.  
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence, 35  
I trust to mother wit, and father sense.  
Nature’s my guide, all sciences I scorn,  
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.  
Yet is my goût for criticism such,  
I’ve got some French, and know a little Dutch. 40  
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,  
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.  
Criticks indeed are valuable men,  
But hyper-criticks are as good agen.

Tho' Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,  
With notes by Bentley they'd be better fill.  
The Boghouse-Miscellany's well design'd,  
To ease the body and improve the mind.  
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,  
For he displeases me that pleases all.      50  
Verse without rhyme I never could endure,  
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.  
To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,  
Milton's an universal blank to me.  
Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,      55  
Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice,  
Always upheld by national support,  
Of market, university, and court :  
Thomson, write blank ; but know that for that reason  
These lines shall live when thine are out of season.  
Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,  
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote ;  
He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote :  
But, for his epilogues and other plays,      65  
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.  
It pleases me that Pope unlaurell'd goes,  
While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose :  
So Britain's monarch once uncover'd fate,  
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat. 70  
Long live old Curl ! he ne'er to publish fears,  
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.

How oft has he a publick spirit shewn,  
And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own !  
But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame, 75  
Are not his brother book-sellers the same ?  
Can statutes keep the British pres' in awe,  
While that sells best that's most against the law ?

Lives of dead play'r's my leisure hours beguile,  
And Sessions-papers tragedize my stile. 80  
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,  
So oft a mother, and not once a wife :  
She could with just propriety behave,  
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave :  
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept, 85  
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept !

T' improve in morals Mandevil I read,  
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.  
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through  
Religion all, ere I was twenty-two. 90  
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,  
When ropes or opium can my ease procure ?  
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,  
Self-murder is an honourable way.

As Pasaran directs I'd end my life, 95  
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.  
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,  
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,  
I have a Taste for buildings, musick, men. 100.

Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,  
With superficial smattering at most.

Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,  
Knows more than Budgel writes or Roberts prints.  
I know the town, all houses I have seen, 105  
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.  
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,  
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones !  
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern ?.  
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn. 110  
Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul,  
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small :  
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,  
'Tis Vanbrug's structures that my fancy strike :  
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile wou'd make, 115  
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.  
To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,  
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.  
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,  
St. James's hospital may serve for kings. 120  
Buildings so happily I understand,  
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.  
Dorick, Ionick, shall not there be found,  
But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.  
From out my honest workmen, I'll select 125  
A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;  
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,  
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;

Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content:  
 I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,  
 Its situation shall be London road:  
 Pots o'er the door I'll place, like Cits balconies,  
 Which <sup>a</sup> Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,      135  
 For what is beautiful that is not new?  
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye  
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye:  
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,  
 What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?      140  
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,  
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.  
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,  
 Expence and alteration shews a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,      145  
 And know their several beauties by their price.  
 Auctions and sales I constantly attend,  
 But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.  
 Originals and copies much the same,  
 The picture's value is the painter's name.      150

My Taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,  
 I buy no statues that are not obscene.  
 In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,  
 Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.

<sup>a</sup> Bentley's Milton, Book 9; ver. 439.

How oft have I with admiration stood,      155  
To view some city-magistrate in wood !  
I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,  
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.  
Oh could I view, through London as I pass,  
Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian bras !      160  
High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place  
His magisterial paunch and griping face ;  
Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,  
And grant the tradesman what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,      165  
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.  
But among friends if I the truth might speak,  
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.  
Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,  
To lady Gripeall I the Cæfars shew,      170  
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,  
A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,  
To Bononcini's musick I adhere :  
Musick has charms to sooth a savage breast,      175  
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.  
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,  
In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.  
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,  
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.      180  
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,  
And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.

Let Senesino sing what David writ,  
And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.  
Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,      185  
And Oratorio was a lucky name.

Thou, Heidegger ! the English Taste haft found,  
And rul'dt the mob of quality with found.  
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,  
Call 'em Ridottos, and they still go down :      190  
Go on, prince Phiz ! to please the British Nation,  
Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation. .

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,  
And Philosophical Transactions read.  
Next lodge I'll be Free-Mason, nothing less,      195  
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,  
Fit company for porters or for peers.  
Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,  
But my top talent is a bill of fare.      200  
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,  
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies.  
Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,  
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meat.  
Pigs heads with hair on much my fancy please,      205  
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,  
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas. }  
No tattling servants to my table come,  
My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.

Queer country—puts extol queen Bess's reign, 210  
And of lost hospitality complain:  
Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,  
Was there mahogena in former days ?

Oh ! could a British barony be sold !  
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold. 215  
Could I the privilege of peer procure,  
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.  
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,  
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.  
I'd make the insolent mechanicks stay, 220  
And keep my ready money all for play.  
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,  
In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.  
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,  
And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw. 225  
But should I meet with an unlucky run,  
And at a throw be gloriously undone,  
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,  
Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd :  
My title would preserve me from arrest, 230  
And seizing hired horses is a jest.

I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,  
With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.  
A footman I wou'd be, in outward show,  
In sense, and education, truly so. 235  
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear  
At once a perriwig, and its own hair.

My hair I'd powder in the women's way,  
And dress, and talk of dressing more than they.  
I'll please the maids of honour, if I can ;      240  
Without black velvet breeches, what is man ?  
I will my skill in button-holes display,  
And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.  
Shall I wear cloaths, in awkward England made ?  
And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade ? 245  
In French embroid'ry, and in Flanders lace,  
I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.  
Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,  
And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.  
I would convince the world by taudry cloaths 250  
That belles are less effeminate than beaux ;      }  
And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,  
With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.  
I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine, 255  
And to rough-riders give my choicest wine.  
I would caress some stableman of note,  
And imitate his language and his coat.  
My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,  
And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend. 260  
In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,  
And sup with Colley Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,  
I'll send for Misaubin, and take his pill,

I should abhor, though in the utmost need, 265  
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead :  
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,  
 I'd turn off Misabin and take a nurse.  
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,  
 Do good old women's remedies prevail ! 270  
 When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,  
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.  
 Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,  
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd, 275  
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.  
 Back to your Universities, ye fools,  
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools :  
 Those schools which Universities they call,  
 'Twere well for England were there none at all. 280  
 With ease that loss the nation might sustain,  
 Supply'd by Goodman's fields and Drury-lane.  
 Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,  
 Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden :  
 Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these, 285  
 Turn players all, and take your 'quires degrees.  
 Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,  
 Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :  
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;  
 A single eunuch gets a larger sum. 290  
 Have some of you three hundred by the year ;  
 Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join  
 A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine,  
 Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd  
 For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.  
 Glad I congratulate the judging age,  
 The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate,  
 Of any party, ministers of state :                           300  
 I'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years  
 Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,  
 To give the laws of Taste to human kind.  
 Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,                   305  
 For books, and buildings, politicks, and dress.  
 This is true Taste, and whoso likes it not  
 Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and so~~t~~.



O D E  
ON THE  
D E A T H  
OF  
M A T Z E L,  
A FAVOURITE BULL-FINCH,

Address'd to Mr. St——pe, to whom the author  
had given the reversion of it when he left  
Dresden.

BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K.B.\*

I.

TRY not, my St——e, 'tis in vain  
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,  
Or check your honest rage ;  
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,  
My present joy, your future hope,  
Lies murder'd in his cage.

5

\* Born 1...; dyed 17...

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,  
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,  
Attend th' untimely bier ;  
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,  
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,  
And drop the nat'r'al tear.

10

## III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,  
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died—  
But vengeance shall have way :  
On pains and tortures I'll refine ;  
Yet, Matzell, that one death of thine  
His nine will ill repay.

15

## IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,  
Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join  
In thy funereal verse :  
My painful task shall be to write  
Th' eternal dirge which they indite,  
And hang it on thy hearse.

20

## V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn  
My bird, who never to return  
Is fled to happier shades,  
Where Lesbia shall for him prepare  
The place most charming, and most fair  
Of all th' Elysian glades.

25

30

## VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove  
Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love;

There shall thy plaintive strain  
Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,  
To Procris yield some short relief,      35  
And soften Dido's pain.

## VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear  
Thy notes, and make thee all her care,  
And love thee with my love;  
While each attendant's soul shall praise  
The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,  
And all his songs approve.      40



A N

O D E

O N

MISS HARRIET HANBURY,

AT SIX YEARS OLD.

BY THE SAME.

## I.

WHY shou'd I thus employ my time,  
To paint those cheeks of rosy hue?

Why should I search my brains for rhyme,  
To sing those eyes of glossy blue ?

## II.

¶ Their' pow'r as yet is all in vain,                        5  
Thy num'rous charms and various graces :  
They only servē to banish pain,  
And light up joy in parents' faces.

## III.

But soon those eyes their strength shall feel :  
Those charms their pow'rful sway shall find : 10  
Youth shall in crowds before you kneel,  
And own your empire o'er mankind.

## IV.

Then, when on Beauty's throne you sit,  
And thousands court your wish'd-for arms,  
My muse shall stretch her utmost wit,                        15  
To sing the victories of your charms.

## V.

Charms that in time shall ne'er be lost,  
At least while verse like mine endures :  
And future Hanburys shall boast,  
Of verse like mine, of charms like yours.                    20

## VI.

A little vain we both may be,  
Since scarce another house can shew  
A poet, that can sing like me ;  
A beauty, that can charm like you.

THE  
S P A R R O W.  
FROM CATULLUS.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES.\*

ALL ye gentle powers above,  
Venus, and thou god of love ;  
All ye gentle souls below,  
That can melt at others woe ;  
Lesbia's loss with tears deplore,      5  
Lesbia's sparrow is no more :  
Late she wont her bird to prize  
Dearer than her own bright eyes.  
Sweet it was, and lovely too,  
And its mistress well it knew.      10  
Nectar from her lips it sipt,  
Here it hopt, and there it skipt :  
Oft it wanton'd in the air,  
Chirping only to the fair :  
Oft it lull'd its head to rest      15  
On the pillow of her breast.  
Now, alas ! it chirps no more ;  
All its blandishments are o'er :

\* Born 1700; dyed 1770.

Death has summon'd it to go  
Pensive to the shades below ;  
Dismal regions ! from whose bourn  
No pale travellers return.

Death ! relentless to destroy  
All that's form'd for love or joy.

Joy is vanish'd, love is fled,  
For my Lesbia's sparrow's dead.  
Lo, the beauteous nymph appears  
Languishingly drown'd in tears !



T H E W I S H.

BY JAMES MERRICK.\*

How short is life's uncertain space !

Alas ! how quickly done !

How swift the wild precarious chace !

And yet how difficult the race !

How very hard to run !

5

Youth stops at first its wilful ears

To Wisdom's prudent voice ;

Till now arriv'd to riper years,

Experienc'd age, worn out with cares,

Repents its earlier choice.

10

What though its prospects now appear

So pleasing and refin'd ;

Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,

By turns the busy moments share,

And prey upon the mind.

15

Since then false joys our fancy cheat

With hopes of real bliss ;

Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,

The only wish that I create

Is all compriz'd in this.

20

\* Born 17...; dyed 1769.

May I, through life's uncertain tide,  
Be still from pain exempt ;  
May all my wants be still supply'd,  
My state too low t' admit of pride,  
And yet above contempt.

25

But should your providence divine  
A greater bliss intend ;  
May all those blessings you design,  
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine)  
Be center'd in a friend.

30



TO 'A LADY.'

WRAPPED ROUND A NOSEGAY OF VIOLETS.

MDCCLXI.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.\*

DEAR object of my late and early prayer !  
Source of my joy ! and solace of my care !  
Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,  
As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.  
To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring 5  
These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.  
O may they, fearless of a varying sky,  
Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye !  
In fairer lights their vivid blue display,  
And sweeter breathe their little lives away !      10

\* Born 17...; dyed 1779.



## THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY NATHANIEL COTTON, M. D. \*

### I.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In Folly's maze advance ;  
Tho' singularity and pride  
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance..

### II.

From the gay world we'll oft retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbour enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heart-felt joys..

### III.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies ;  
And they are fools who roam :  
The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

\* Born 17...; dyed 1789.

## IV.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
 When with impatient wing she left  
     That safe retreat, the ark ;  
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
 The disappointed bird once more  
     Explor'd the sacred bark.

20

## V.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,  
 We, who improve his golden hours,  
     By sweet experience know,  
 That marriage, rightly understood,  
 Gives to the tender and the good  
     A paradise below.

25

30

## VI.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring,  
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,  
     Whence pleasures ever rise :  
 We'll form their minds with studious care  
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
     And train them for the skies.

35

## VII.

While they our wifest hours engage,  
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
     And crown our hoary hairs :  
 They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,  
 And thus our fondest loves repay,  
     And recompense our cares.

40

## VIII.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,  
While to the world we live unknown,

Or by the world forgot :

Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
We look with pity on the great,

And bless our humbler lot.

45

## IX.

Our portion is not large indeed,  
But then, how little do we need,

50

For Nature's calls are few !

In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,

And make that little do.

## X.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind providence has sent,

55

Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;

For if our stock be very small,

'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,

Nor lose the present hour.

60

## XI.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,  
Patient, when favours are deny'd,

And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,

This is that incense of the heart,

65

Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

## XII.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,  
(Since winter life is seldom sweet,) 70

But when our feast is o'er,  
Grateful from table we'll arise,  
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,  
The relicks of our store.

## XIII.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go,  
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

## XIV.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.

75

80





## ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE SECOND.

A RETIR'D FRIENDSHIP:

TO ARDELIA.

BY MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS. \*

I.

COME, my Ardelia, to this bow'r,  
Where kindly mingling souls awhile,  
Let's innocently spend an hour,  
And at all serious follies smile.

\* Born 1631; dyed 1664. Her maiden name was Fowler.

T 3

## II.

Here is no quarrelling for crowns,  
Nor fear of changes in our fate ;  
No trembling at the great ones frowns,  
Nor any slavery of state.

5

## III.

Here's no disguise nor treachery,  
Nor any deep-conceal'd design ;  
From blood and plots this place is free,  
And calm as are those looks of thine.

10

## IV.

Here let us sit and bless our stars,  
Who did such happy quiet give,  
As that remov'd from noise of wars  
In one another's hearts we live.

15

## V.

Why should we entertain a fear ?  
Love cares not how the world is turn'd :  
If crouds of dangers shou'd appear,  
Yet friendship can be unconcern'd.

20

## VI.

We wear about us such a charm,  
No horror can be our offence ;  
For mischief's self can do no harm  
To friendship or to innocence.

## VII.

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams  
Command the flocks to quit their meat,

25

And not entreat the neighb'ring streams  
 To quench their thirst, but cool their heat.

## VIII.

In such a scorching age as this  
 Who would not ever seek a shade      30  
 Deserve their happiness to miss,  
 As having their own peace betray'd.

## IX.

But we (of one another's mind  
 Assur'd) the boist'rous world disdain ;  
 With quiet souls, and unconfin'd,  
 Enjoy what princes wish in vain.      35

*TENDRES - 'DESIRS'*

OUT OF

FRENCH PROSE.

BY THE SAME.

Go soft desires, love's gentle progeny,  
 And on the heart of charming Sylvia 'seize,'  
 Then quickly back again return to me,  
 Since that's the only cure for my disease ;  
 But if you miss her breast whom I adore,  
 Then take your flight, and visit mine no more.

T 4

## LOVE ARM'D.

BY MRS. APHRA BEHN.\*

Love in fantastick triumph sat,  
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,  
For whom fresh pains he did create,  
And strange tyrannick power he shew'd ;  
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,  
Which round about in sport he hurl'd ;  
But 'twas from mine he took desire,  
Enough to undo the amorous world.

5

From me he took his sighs and tears,  
From thee his pride and cruelty ;  
From me his languishments and fears,  
And every killing dart from thee ;  
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,  
And set him up a deity ;  
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,  
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

10

15

\* Born 1645? dyed 1689. Her maiden name was Johnson.



## THE RESOLVE.

BY LADY CHUDLEIGH.\*

### I.

For what the world admires I'll wish no more,  
Nor court that airy nothing of a name :  
Such fleeting shadows let the proud adore,  
. Let them be suppliants for an empty fame.

### II.

If reason rules within, and keeps the throne,      5  
While the inferior faculties obey,  
And all her laws without reluctance own,  
Accounting none more fit, more just than they :

### III.

If virtue my free soul unfally'd keeps,  
Exempting it from passion and from stain :    10  
If no black guilty thoughts disturb my sleeps,  
And no past crimes my vext remembrance pain :

### IV.

If, tho' I pleasure find in living here,  
I yet can look on death without surprize :  
If I've a soul above the reach of fear,      15  
And which will nothing mean or sordid prize ;  
  
\* *Mary, daughter to Richard Lee, esq. and wife of Sir George Chudleigh, bart. Born 1656; dyed 1710.*

## V.

A soul, which cannot be depress'd by grief,  
Nor too much rais'd by the sublimest joy ;  
Which can, when troubled, give itself relief ;  
And to advantage all its thoughts employ ;

## VI.

Then am I happy in my humbler state,  
Altho' not crown'd with glory, nor with bays.  
A mind, that triumphs over vice and fate,  
Esteems it mean to court the world for praise,



## The COMPLAINT of a LOVER.

BY MISS ANNE KILLIGREW.\*

SEEST thou yonder craggy rock,  
Whose head o'er-looks the swelling main,  
Where never shepherd fed his flock,  
Or careful peasant sow'd his grain?

No wholesome herb grows on the same,      5  
Or bird of day will on it rest;  
'Tis barren as the hopeless flame,  
That scorches my tormented breast.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,  
Th' entrance hid with dismal yew,      10  
Where Phœbus never shew'd his eye,  
Or cheerful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,  
(Retreat and sollace to my woe)  
Love, sad dispair, and I, do dwell,      15  
The springs from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,  
(When he at first approach't my heart)

\* Born 1660; dyed 1685.

Drest in a garb far from severe,  
Or threatening ought of future smart.

20

So innocent those charms then seem'd,  
When Rosalinda first I spy'd,  
Ah ! who would them have deadly deem'd ?  
But flow'rs do often serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets concealed lay,  
To love the cruel foe, disdain,  
With which (alas) she does repay  
My constant and deserving pain.

When I in tears have spent the night,  
With sighs I usher in the sun,  
Who never saw a sadder sight  
In all the courses he has run.

30

Sleep, which to others ease does prove,  
Comes unto me, alas, in vain :  
For in my dreams I am in love,  
And in them too she does disdain.

35

Sometimes, t' amuse my sorrow, I  
Unto the hollow rocks repair,  
And loudly to the echo cry,  
Ah ! gentle nymph, come ease my care.

Thou who, times past, a lover wer't,

    Ah ! pity me, who now am so,  
And by a sense of thine own smart,

    Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatter then, or chide my grief ;

    Catch my last words, and call me fool ;  
Or say she loves for my relief ;

    My passion either sooth, or school.



## DESPAIR.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

Oh! lead me to some solitary gloom,  
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor cheerful echoes  
come ;

But silent all, and dusky let it be,  
Remote and unfrequented, but by me ;

Mysterious, close, and sullen as that grief,      5  
Which leads me to its covert for relief.

Far from the busy world's detested noise,  
Its wretched pleasures, and distracted joys ;

Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,      10 }  
And dance, and sing, impertinently gay,

Their short, inestimable hours away ;

Far from the studious follies of the great,  
The tiresome farce of ceremonious state :

There, in a melting, solemn, dying strain,      15  
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,

And wind up all its soft, harmonious strings,  
To noble, serious, melancholy things.

And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace  
The close recesses of the sacred place :

Nor let a bird of cheerful note come near,      20  
To whisper out his airy raptures here.

Only the pensive songstress of the grove,  
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve ;

\* Born 1674; dyed 1737. Her maiden name was Singer.

While drooping winds among the branches sigh,  
And sluggish waters heavily roll by. 55  
Here, to my fatal sorrows let me give  
The short remaining hours I have to live.  
Then, with a full deep-fetch'd groan, expire,  
And to the grave's dark solitude retire.



## S O R R O W.

BY MRS. LAETITIA PILKINGTON.\*

WHILE sunk in deepest solitude and woe,  
My streaming eyes with ceaseless sorrow flow,  
While anguish wears the sleepless night away,  
And fresher grief awaits returning day ;      5  
Encompas'd round with rain, want and shame,  
Undone in fortune; blasted in my fame ;  
Lost to the soft endearing ties of life,  
And tender names of daughter, mother, wife ;  
Can no recess from calumny be found ?  
And yet can fate inflict a deeper wound !      10

As one who, in a dreadful tempest toss'd,  
If thrown by chance upon some desert coast,  
Calmly a while surveys the fatal shore,  
And hopes that fortune can inflict no more ;  
Till some fell serpent makes the wretch his prey,      15  
Who 'scaped in vain the dangers of the sea ;  
So I, who hardly 'scap'd domestic rage,  
Born with eternal sorrows to engage,  
Now feel the pois'rous force of fland'rous tongues,  
Who daily wound me with envenom'd wrongs.      20

Shed then a ray divine, all gracious heav'n,  
Pardon the soul that sues to be forgiv'n.

\* Born 1712; dyed 17... Her maiden name was *Vass Lewes*.

Tho' cruel humankind relentless prove,  
 And least resemble thee in acts of love ;  
 Tho' friends, who shou'd administer relief, 25  
 Add pain to woe, and misery to grief,  
 And oft, too oft ! with hypocritic air,  
 Condemn those faults in which they deeply share :  
 Yet thou, who dost our various frailties know,  
 And see'st each spring from whence our actions flow;  
 Shalt, while for mercy to thy throne I fly,  
 Regard the lifted hand, and streaming eye.

Thou didst the jarring elements compose,  
 When this harmonious universe arose ;  
 O speak the tempest of the soul to peace, 35  
 Bid the tumultuous war of passion cease ;  
 Receive me to thy kind paternal care,  
 And guard me from the horrors of despair.  
 And since no more I boast a mother's name,  
 Nor in my children can a portion claim, 40  
 'The helpless babes to thy protection take,  
 Nor punish for their hapless mother's sake.

Thus the poor bird, when frightened from her nest,  
 With agonizing love, and grief distress'd,  
 Still fondly hovers o'er the much-lov'd place, 45  
 Tho' strengthless, to protect her tender race ;  
 In piercing notes she movingly complains,  
 And tells the unattending woods her pains.

\* And thou, once my soul's fondest, dearest part,  
Who schem'd my ruin with such cruel art,      50  
From human laws no longer seek to find  
A pow'r to loose that knot which god has join'd.  
The props of life are rudely pull'd away,  
And the frail building falling to decay ;  
My death shall give thee thy desir'd release,      55  
And lay me down in everlasting peace.

\* My husband, who was then suing for a divorce.



## MIR A'S WILL.

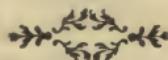
BY MISS MARY LEAPOR.\*

*I*M PRIMIS---My departed shade I trust  
To heav'n---My body to the silent dust ;  
My name to publick censure I submit,  
To be dispos'd of as the world thinks fit ;  
My vice and folly let oblivion close,      5  
The world already is o'erstock'd with those ;  
My wit I give, as misers give their store,  
To those who think they had enough before.  
Bestow my patience to compose the lives  
Of slighted virgins and neglected wives ;      10  
To modish lovers I resign my truth,  
My cool reflexion to unthinking youth ;  
And some good-nature give ('tis my desire)  
To surly husbands, as their needs require ;  
And first discharge my funeral---and then      15  
To the small poets I bequeath my pen.

Let a small sprig (true emblem of my ryhme)  
Of blasted laurel on my hearse recline ;  
Let some grave wight, that struggles for renown,  
By chanting dirges through a market-town,      20

\* Born 1722; dyed 1746.

With gentle step precede the solemn train :  
 A broken flute upon his arm shall lean.  
 Six comick poëts may the corse surround,  
 And all free-holders, if they can be found :  
 Then follow next the melancholy throng,      25  
 As shrewd instructors, who themselves are wrong,  
 The virtuoso, rich in sun-dry'd weeds,  
 The politican, whom no mortal heeds,  
 The silent lawyer, chamber'd all the day,  
 And the stern soldier that receives no pay.      30  
 But stay---the mourners should be first our care,  
 Let the freed prentice lead the miser's heir ;  
 Let the young relict wipe her mournful eye,  
 And widow'd husbands o'er their garlick cry.  
 All this let my executors fulfil,      35  
 And rest assur'd that this is Mira's will,  
 Who was, when she these legacies design'd,  
 In body healthy, and compos'd in mind.



## COLINETTA.

BY THE SAME.

'T was when the fields had shed their golden grain,  
 And burning suns had fear'd the rufset plain ;  
 No more the rose nor hyacinth were seen,  
 Nor yellow cowslip on the tufted green :

But the rude thistle rear'd its hoary crown, 5  
And the ripe nettle shew'd an irksom brown.  
In mournful plight the tarnish'd groves appear,  
And nature weeps for the declining year.  
The sun too quickly reach'd the western sky,  
And rising vapours hid his ev'ning eye: 10  
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,  
While the dry stubble drank the falling dew.

In this sick season, at the close of day,  
On Lydia's lap pale Colinetta lay;  
Whose sallow cheeks had lost their rosy dye, 15  
The sparkles languish'd in her closing eye.  
Parch'd were those lips whence musick us'd to flow,  
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,  
Yet thrice to raise her feeble voice she try'd,  
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd;  
At last reviv'd, on Lydia's neck she hung,  
And like the swan expiring thus she sung.

Farewel, ye forests and delightful hills,  
Ye flow'ry meadows, and ye crystal rills,  
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run, 25  
And beg a shelter from the burning sun.  
Those blasted shades all mournful now I see,  
Who droop their heads as tho' they wept for me.  
The pensive linnet has forgot to sing,  
The lark is silent till returning spring. 30  
The spring shall all those wonted charms restore,  
Which Colinetta must behold no more.

Farewel, ye fields ; my native fields, adieu,  
Whose fertile lays my early labours knew ;  
Where, when an infant, I was wont to stray,      35  
And gather king-cups at the closing day.  
How oft has Lydia told a mournful tale,  
By the clear lake that shines in yonder vale ;  
When she had done I sung a chearful lay,  
While the glad goldfinch listen'd on the spray : 40  
Lur'd by my song each jolly swain drew near,  
And rosy virgins throng'd around to hear :  
Farewel, ye swains ; ye rosy nymphs adieu :  
Tho' I (unwilling) leave the streams and you,  
Still may soft musick bleis your happy shore,      45  
But Colinetta you must hear no more.

O Lydia, thou, (if wayward tongues shou'd blame  
My life, and blot a harmless maiden's name)  
Tell them if e'er I found a straggling ewe,  
Although the owner's name I hardly knew,      50  
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,  
And gave it shelter at the cloſing day :  
I never stole young pigeons from their dams,  
Nor from their pasture drove my neighbours lambs :  
Nor set my dog to hunt their flocks away,      55  
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.  
When Phillida by dancing won the prize,  
Or Colin prais'd young Mariana's eyes,  
When Damon wedded Urs'la of the grange,  
My cheek with envy ne'er was ſeen to change : 60

When-e'er I saw Aminda cross the plain,  
 Or walk the forest with her darling swain,  
 I never whisper'd to a stander-by,  
 But hated scandal, and abhor'd a lye.

On Sundays I (as sister Sue can tell) 65

Was always ready for the sermon-bell :

I honour'd both the teacher and the day ;

Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray :

Then sure for me there's something good in store,

When Colinetta shall be seen no more. 70

When I am gone, I leave to sister Sue

My gown of Jersey, and my aprons blue.

My studded sheep-hook Phillida may take,

Likewise my hay-fork and my hazel rake :

My hoarded apples, and my winter pears, 75

Be thine, O Lydia, to reward thy cares.

These nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,

And this straw-basket, I bequeath to thee :

That basket did these dying fingers weave :

My boxen flute to Corydon I leave, 80

So shall it charm the list'ning nymphs around,

For none like him can make it sweetly sound.

In our churchyard there grows a spreading yew,  
 Whose dark green leaves distil a baneful dew :

Be those sad branches o'er my grave reclin'd, 85

And let these words be graven on the rind :

“ Mark, gentle reader,—Underneath this tree,

“ There sleeps a maid, old Simon's daughter she :

"Thou too, perhaps, ere many weeks be o'er,

"Like Colinetta, shalt be seen no more." 95

Here ends the maid—for now the seal of death  
Clos'd her pale lips, and stop'd her rosy breath.  
Her sinking eye balls took their long adieu,  
And with a sigh her harmless spirit flew.



## THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

BY ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.\*

METHINKS this world is oddly made,  
And ev'ry thing's amiss,  
A dull presuming atheist said,  
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade ;  
And instanced in this :                           5

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,  
A *pumpkin*, large and round,  
Is held but by a little string,  
Which upwards cannot make a spring,  
Or bear it from the ground.                      10

Whilst on this *oak*, a fruit so small,  
So disproportion'd, grows,  
That, who with fence surveys this *All*,  
This universal casual ball,  
Its ill contrivance knows.                      15

My better judgment wou'd have hung  
That weight upon a tree,  
And left this mast, thus slightly strung,

\* Daughter of sir William Kingsmill, and wife to He-  
reage earl of Winchilsea. Born 16..; dyed 1720.

'Mongst things which on the surface sprung,  
And small and feeble be. 20

No more the caviller cou'd say,  
Nor farther faults descry ;  
For, as he upwards gazing lay,  
An acorn, loosen'd from the stay,  
Fell down upon his eye. 25

Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,  
As punish'd for the sin :  
Fool ! had that bough a *pumpkin* bore,  
Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,  
Nor scull had kept them in. \* 30



### A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N such a night, when every louder wind  
Is to its distant cavern safe confin'd ;  
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,  
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings ;  
Or from some tree, fam'd for the owl's delight, 5  
She, hollowing clear, directs the wand'rer right :

\* Perhaps, however, in that case the gentleman would have selected a different place of repose.

In such a night, when passing clouds give place,  
Or thinly vail the heav'ns mysterious face ;  
When in some river, overhung with green,  
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen ; 10  
When freshen'd grass now bears it self upright,  
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,  
Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-rose,  
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows ;  
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes, 15  
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes :  
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,  
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine ;  
Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,  
In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright : 20  
When odours, which declin'd repelling day,  
Thro' temp'rate air uninterrupted stray ;  
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,  
And falling waters we distinctly hear ;  
When thro' the gloom more venerable shows 25  
Some ancient fabrick, awful in repose,  
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,  
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale :  
When the loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,  
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining meads, 30  
Whose stealing pace, and lengthen'd shade we fear,  
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear :  
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,  
And unmolested kine rechew the cud ;

When curlews cry beneath the village-walls, 35  
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls ;  
Their shortliv'd jubilee the creatures keep,  
Which but endures, whilst tyrant-man do's sleep :  
When a sedate content the spirit feels,  
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals ; 40  
But silent musings urge the mind to seek  
Something, too high for syllables to speak ;  
Till the free soul to a compos'dness charm'd,  
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,  
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown, 45  
Joys in th' inferiour world, and thinks it like her own :  
In such a night let me abroad remain,  
Till morning breaks, and all's confus'd again ;  
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renew'd,  
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd. 50



## S O N E T T O.

FROM PETRARCH.

BY THE HONORABLE MRS. MONK.\*

THOUGHTFUL alone, thro' barren wastes I stray,  
Slow ling'ring steps pace out the measur'd way :  
With jealous fear around my eyes I cast,  
To shun the paths by human footsteps trac'd.

Vain are all other coverts to conceal,        5  
From sight of men the torments that I feel :  
A lifeless figure, and a joyless ' mien '  
Disclose the fire that smother'd burns within.

The rocky hills, and streams, that silent flow,  
The groves, and dales, are conscious of my woe, 10 }  
And only they the fatal secret know.

But to howe'er remote a part I rove,  
Or pathless waste, or hill, or dale, or grove,        }  
I'm still pursu'd by my companion, Love.



\* (*Daughter of Robert viscount Molesworth, and wife to George Monk, esq.*) Born 16..; dyed 1715.

## VERSES

WROTE UPON HER DEATH-BED, AT BATH,  
TO HER HUSBAND IN LONDON.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,  
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,  
Thou tenderest husband, and thou dearest friend,  
To thee this fond, this last adieu I send.

At length the conqu'ror Death asserts his right,  
And will for ever veil me from thy sight;  
He courts me to him with a chearful grace,  
And not one terror clouds his 'meagre' face:  
He promises a lasting rest from pain,  
And shews that all life's fleeting bliss is vain; 10  
Th' eternal joys of heav'n he sets in view,  
And tells me that no other joys are true.  
But Love, fond Love, wou'd yet resist his power,  
Wou'd yet a while defer the parting hour.  
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes, 15  
And wou'd obstruct my journey to the skies.  
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,  
Say, shou'dst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?  
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,  
And wouldst thou mourn that rest is come at last? 20  
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,  
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

## THE SMALL-POX.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.\*

FLAVIA.

THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,  
Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind ;  
A glas revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
For now she shun'd the face she sought before.

" How am I chang'd ! alas ! how am I grown  
" A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !  
" Where's my complexion ? where my radiant bloom ,  
" That promis'd happiness for years to come ?  
" Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd !  
" To look once more, my visits oft delay'd !  
" Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise ,  
" And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !  
" Ah ! faithless glas, my wonted bloom restore ;  
" Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more !  
" The greatest good the gods on men bestow ,  
" Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.  
" There was a time (oh ! that I cou'd forget .)  
" When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet ;

\* Daughter of Evelyn duke of Kingston, and wife to Edward Wortley Montague esq. Born 1710; dyed 1762.

“ And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
“ The earliest cherries of the spring were mine. 20  
“ Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell  
“ How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.  
“ With what contempt ye saw me oft despise  
“ The humble offer of the raffled prize ;  
“ For at the raffle still each prize I bore, 25 }  
“ With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore ! }  
“ Now beauty's fled and presents are no more ! }

“ For me the patriot has the house forsook,  
“ And left debates to catch a passing look :  
“ For me the Soldier has soft verses writ : 30  
“ For me the Beau has aim'd to be a wit.  
“ For me the Wit to nonsense was betray'd ; }  
“ The Gamester has for me his dun delay'd,  
“ And overseen the card he would have play'd. }  
“ The bold and haughty by success made vain, 35  
“ Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain :  
“ The bashful 'Squire, touch'd by a wish unknown,  
“ Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own :  
“ Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore ;  
“ Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more ! 40

“ As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,  
“ New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise !  
“ Far from my sight that killing picture bear,  
“ The face disfigure, and the canvas tear !  
“ That picture, which with pride I us'd to show, 45  
“ The lost resemblance but upbraids me now,

" And thou, my toilette ! where I oft have sat,  
 " While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,  
 " How curls should fall, or where a patch to place ;  
 " If blue or scarlet best became my face ;      50  
 " Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;  
 " On fairer heads, ye useless jewels, glow !  
 " No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;  
 " Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more !  
     " Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;    55  
 " Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;  
 " But 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,  
 " 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.  
 " Wou'd pitying heav'n restore my wonted mein,  
 " Ye still might move unthought of and unseen : 60  
 " But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast  
 " Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !  
 " What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 " My beauty fled, and empire now no more ?  
     " Ye cruel chymists, what with-held your aid ?  
 " Could no pomatum save a trembling maid ?  
 " How false and trifling is that art ye boast !  
 " No art can give me back my beauty lost !  
 " In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 " Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day ; 70  
 " MIRMILLIO came my fortune to deplore,  
 " (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)  
 " Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore :  
 " Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !

" GALEN, the grave, officious SQUIRT, was  
there, 75

" With fruitless grief and unavailing care ;  
" MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known  
" By his red cloak and his superior frown :  
" And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair,  
" You shall again be well, again be fair ; 80  
" Believe my oath : (with that an oath he swore)  
" False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !

" Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,  
" Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu !  
" Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ; 85  
" All strive to serve, and glory to obey :  
" Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,  
" Men mock the idol of their former vow.

" Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,  
" Where gentle streams will weep at my distress, 90  
" Where no false friend will in my grief take part,  
" And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;  
" There let me live in some deserted place ;  
" There hide in shades this lost inglorious face :  
" Ye operas, circles, I no more must view ! 95  
" My toilette, patches, all the world, adieu !"



AT TAKING LEAVE OF A LADY, WHO WAS  
READING NORRIS'S POEMS.

BY MISS MARY MASTERS.\*

MADAM, observe these melancholy tales,  
And see how grief o'er generous minds prevails ;  
See there the reverend Norris drown'd in tears,-  
Robb'd of the joy of all his future years.  
With strict attention read each tender line,      5  
And as you read, think all his suff'rings mine.  
See here my grief in aptest terms express'd,  
And view your self with just perfection drest :  
Such was the nymph, to whom his tears were due,  
And such his sorrows, as I feel for you.      10

\* Born 17...; dyed 17...



## AN EPISTLE TO LADY BOWYER.

BY MISS MARY JONES.\*

How much of paper's spoil'd ! what floods of ink !  
And yet how few, how very few can think !  
The knack of writing is an easy trade ;  
But to think well requires — at least a head.  
Once in an age, *one* genius may arise, 5  
With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wise.  
Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot !  
No tender scions springing at the root.  
Whilst lofty Pope erects his laurell'd head,  
No lays, like mine, can live beneath his shade. 10  
Nothing but weeds, and moss, and shrubs are found.  
Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground ?

And yet you'd have me write !—For what ? for  
whom ?

To curl a fav'rite in a dressing room ?  
To mend a candle when the snuff's too short ? 15  
Or save rappee for chamber-maids at court ?  
Glorious ambition ! noble thirst of fame !—  
No, but you'd have me write—to get a name.  
Alas ! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too ;  
Tis more than Pope, with all his wit, can do. 20

\* Born 17...; dyed 1778.

'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,  
 A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.  
 The world and I are no such cordial friends ;  
 I have my purpose, they their various ends.  
 I say my pray'rs, and lead a sober life,      25  
 Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.  
 What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent ? ]  
 If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print !  
 Myself too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint !      30  
 The preface done, the dedication fram'd,  
 With lies enough to make a lord ashame'd !  
 Thus I step forth ; an auth'refs in some sort.  
 My patron's name ? " O choose some lord at court.  
 " One that has money which he does not use,      35  
 " One you may flatter much, that is, abuse.  
 " For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,  
 " Regardless of the trimm'd, or untrimm'd coat ;  
 " Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat." ]

Well then, to cut this mighty matter short,      40  
 I've neither friend, nor interest at court.  
 Quite from St. James's to thy stairs, Whitehall,  
 I hardly know a creature, great or small,      }  
 Except one maid of honour, \* worth 'em all.      }  
 I have no bus'ness there. Let those attend      45  
 The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,  
 Who more than fate allows them dare to spend.      }

\* Honourable miss Lovelace.

Or those whose avarice, with much, craves more,  
The pension'd beggar, or the titled poor.  
These are the thriving breed, the tiny great ! 50  
Slaves ! wretched slaves ! the journeymen of state !  
Philosophers ! who calmly bear disgrace,  
Patriots ! who sell their country for a place.

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme ?  
For these, like Bavius creep, or Glencus climb ? 55  
Shall I go late to rest, and early rise  
To be the very creature I despise ?  
With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,  
Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand ?  
Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud, 60  
Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the croud.  
Will entertain me, till his lordship's dreft,  
With what my lady eats, and how she rests :  
How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,  
And how she tramt to ev'ry shop in town. 65

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,  
I'm forc'd to hear, nay smile at ev'ry word.  
Tom raps at last,—“ His lordship begs to know  
“ Your name, your bus'nes.”—Sir, I'm not a foe,  
I come to charm his lordship's list'ning ears 70  
With verses, soft as music of the spheres.  
“ Verses !—Alas ! his lordship seldom reads :  
“ Pedants indeed with learning fluff their heads ;  
“ But my good lord, as all the world can tell,  
“ Reads not ev'n tradesmen's bills, and scorns to spell.

" But trust your lays with me. Some things I've read,  
" Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred :  
" And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,  
" I'll recommend your poetry—and you."

Shock'd at his civil impudencē, I start,        80  
Pocket my poem, and in haste depart ;  
Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit,  
Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Is there a lord \* whose great unspotted soul,  
Not places, pensions, ribbons can control ;        85  
Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobserv'd,  
Eats not on silver, while his train are starv'd ;  
Who, tho' to nobles, or to kings ally'd,  
Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride ;  
With merit humble, and with greatness free,        90  
Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me ;  
Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,  
Has yet to learn the cunning of his own ;  
To titles born, yet heir to no estate,  
And, harder still, too honest to be great ;        95  
If such an one there be, well-bred, polite,  
To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.

Peace to the rest. I can be no man's slave ;  
I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have.  
By fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low        100  
To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.

\* Right Hon. Nevil lord Lovelace, who died soon after,  
in the 28th year of his age.

Meanness, in ribbons or in rags, I hate ;  
 And have not learnt to flatter, ev'n the great.  
 Few friends I ask, and those who love me well ;  
 What more remains, these artless lines shall tell. 105

Of honest parents, not of great, I came ;  
 Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame,  
 Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,  
 Nor knew a baker's, or a butcher's debt.  
 O be their precepts ever in my eye ! 110  
 For one has learnt to live, and one to die.  
 Long may her widow'd age by heav'n be lent  
 Among my blessings ! and I'm well content.  
 I ask no more, but in some calm retreat,  
 To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat. 115  
 No noisy slaves attending round my room ;  
 My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.  
 No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,  
 No household lord, for better or for worse.  
 No monstrous sums to tempt my soul to sin, 120  
 But just enough to keep me plain, and clean.  
 And if sometimes, to smooth the rugged way,  
 Charlot should smile, or you approve my lay,  
 Enough for me. I cannot put my trust  
 In lords ; smile lies, eat toads, or lick the dust. 125  
 Fortune her favours much too dear may hold :  
 An honest heart is worth its weight in gold.





THE  
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE THIRD.

POEMS BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

A BALLADE OF THE NOT-BROWNE  
MAYDE.

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
On woman do complayne,  
Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vayne,  
To love them wele, for never a dele  
They love a man agayne :

5

\* Supposed to have been written about the year 1500.

For late a man do what he can,  
 Theyr favour to attayne,  
 Yet yf a newe do them pursue,  
 Theyr fyrst true lover than  
 Laboureth for naught ; for from her thought  
 He is a banyshed man.

10

## B.

I say nat nay, but that all day  
 It is both writ and sayd,  
 That womens fayth is, as who sayth,  
 All utterly decayed :  
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse  
 In this case myght be layed,  
 That they love true, and continûe ;  
 Recorde the not-brôwné mayde ;  
 Which, whan her love came her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart  
 She loved but hym alone.

15

20

## A.

Than betwayne us late us dyscus  
 What was all the manère  
 Betwayne them two ; we wyll also  
 Tell all the Payne, and fere,  
 That she was in : nowe I begyn,  
 So that ye me answête ;—

25

30

Wherfore, all ye that present be,  
 I pray you gyve an ere :—  
 I am the knyght ; I come by nyght,  
 As secret as I can ;  
 Sayinge, Alas ! thus standeth the case,  
 I am a banyshed man.

35

## B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll  
 In this wyll nat refuse ;  
 Trustynge to shewe, in wordés fewe  
 That men have an yll use,  
 To theyr owne shame, women to blame,  
 And causelesse them accuse :  
 Therfore to you I answere nowe  
 All women to excuse,—  
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?  
 I pray you, tell anone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

40

45

## A.

It standeth so ; a dede is do,  
 Wheroft grete harme shall growe :  
 My destiny is for to dy  
 A shamefull deth, I trowe ;  
 Or elles to fle : the one must be ;  
 None other way I knowe ;  
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe,  
 And take me to my bowe.

50

55

## 332 UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true !  
 None other rede I can ;  
 For I muste to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

60

## B.

O lorde, what is this worldys blysse,  
 That chaungeth as the mone !  
 The somers day in lusty May  
 Is derked before the none.—  
 I here you say, farewell ; Nay, nay,      65  
 We départ nat so fone :  
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?  
 Alas, what have ye done ?  
 All my welfare to forowe and care  
 Sholde change, yf ye were gone ;      70  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

70

## A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,  
 And somwhat you dysrayne :  
 But, aftyrwarde, your paynés harde      75  
 Within a day or twayne  
 Shall fone asflake ; and ye shall take  
 Comfort to you agayne.  
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought,  
 Your labour were in vayne.      80  
 And thus I do ; and pray you to,  
 As hartely as I can ;

80

For I must to the grene wode go,  
Alone, a banyshed man.

## B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me                    85  
     The secret of your mynde ;  
 I shall be playne to you agayne,  
     Lyke as ye shall me fynde.  
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,  
     I wolle not leve behynde ;                            90  
 Shall it never be sayd, the not-browne mayd  
     Was to her love unkynde.  
 Make you redy ; for so am I,  
     Although it were anone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynd,                    95  
     I love but you alone.

## A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede  
     What men wyll thynke and say :  
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde  
     That ye be gone away                                    100  
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfull,  
     In grene wode you to play ;  
 And that ye myght from your delyght  
     No lenger make delay :  
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me                    105  
     Be called an yll womān,  
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,  
     Alone, a banished man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge,  
 That I sholde be to blame,                            110  
 Theyrs be the charge that speke so large  
 In hurtyng of my name :  
 For I wyll prove, that faythfull love  
 It is devoyd of shame ;  
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse;                    115  
 To part with you, the same ;  
 To shewe all tho that do nat so,  
 True lovers are they none :  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.                                120

A. .

I cunceyle you, remember howē  
 It is no maydens lawe,  
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out  
 To wode with an outlāwe :  
 For ye must there in your hand bere                    125  
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;  
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,  
 Ever in drede and awe ;  
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :  
 Yet had I never than,                                130  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maydens lore :

## UNCERTAIN AUTHORS. 335

But love may make me, for your sake,      135  
 As I have sayd before,  
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote,  
 To gete us mete in store ;  
 For so that I your company  
 May have, I aske no more :      120  
 From which to part, it maketh my hart  
 As colde as ony stone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

## A.

For an outlāwe this is the lawe,      145  
 That men hym take and bynde ;  
 Wythout pytē hanged to be,  
 And waver wth the wynde.  
 Yf I had nede (as God forbede !)  
 What socours coude ye fynde ?      150  
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe  
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :  
 And no mervāyle ; for lytell avayle  
 Were in your cunceyle than :  
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,      155  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

## B.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be  
 But feeble for to fyght ;  
 No womanhede it is, indeede,  
 To be bolde as a knyght :      260

## 336 . U N C E R T A I N A U T H O R S .

Yet, in such fere yf that ye were  
 With enemyes day or nyght,  
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,  
 To helpe ye with my myght,  
 And you to save ; as women have  
 From deth many a one ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

165

## A.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede  
 That ye coude nat sustayne  
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,  
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete : for, dry or wete,  
 Ye must lodge on the playne ;  
 And, us above, none other rofe  
 But a brake bush, or twayne :  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

170

175

180

185

## B.

Syth I have here bene partynère  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also parte of your wo  
 Endure, as reson is :  
 Yet am I sure of one plesure ;  
 And, shortely, it is this,—

That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,

I coude nat fare amyſſe.

Without more speche, I you beseche

That we were shortely gone;

190

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

## A.

Yf ye go thyder, ye must confyder,

Whan ye have lust to dyne,

There shall no mete be for to gete,

195

Neyther bere, ale, ne wyne;

Ne shetés clene, to lye betwene,

Maden of threde and twyne;

None other house, but leves and bowes,

To cover your hed and myne:

200

O myne hart swete, this evyll dyète

Sholde make you pale and wan;

Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyſhed man.

## B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère,

205

As men fay that ye be,

Ne may' nat fayle of good vitâyle,

Where is ſo grete plentè:

And water clere of the ryvère

Shall be full fwete to me;

210

With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele

Endure, as ye ſhall fee:

And, or we go, a bedde or two  
 I can provyde anone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

215

## A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
 Yf ye wyll go with me :  
 As cut your here above your ere,  
 Your kyrtel above the kne ;  
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande  
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :  
 And, ' this' same nyght, before day-lyght,  
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.  
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,  
 Do it shortely as ye can ;  
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.

220

225

## B.

I shall as nowe do more for you  
 Than longeth to womanhede ;  
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,  
 To shote in tyme of nede :—  
 O my swete mother, before all other  
 For you I have most drede :  
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue  
 Where fortune doth me lede.  
 All this make ye : Nowe let us fle ;  
 The day cometh faste upon ;

230

235

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
I love but you alone.

240

## A.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall not go,

And I shall tell you why,—

Your appetyght is to be lyght

Of love, I wele espy :

For, lyke as ye have fayed to me,

245

In lyke wyse hardely

Ye wolde answere whosoever it were,

In way of company.

It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde ;

And so is a womān :

250

Wherfore' I must to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man,

## B.

If ye take hede, it is no nede

Such wordes to say by me ;

For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,

255

Or I you loved, pardē :

And though that I of auncestry

A barons daughter be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved,

A squyer of lowē degré ;

260

And ever shall, whatso befall ;

To dy therfore anone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

## A.

A barons chylde to be begylde !

265

It were a cursed dede :

To be felawe with an outlawe !

Almighty Gòd forbede !

Yet better were, the pore sçuyère

Alone to forest yede,

270

Than ye sholde say, another day,

That by my cursed dede

Ye were betrayed : wherfore, good mayd,

The best rede that I can,

Is that I to the grene wode go,

275

Alone, a banyshed man.

## B.

Whatever befall, I never shall

Of this thyng you outbrayd :

But yf ye go, and leve me so,

Than have ye mē betrayed.

280

Remember you wele howe that ye dele ;

For, yf yè, as ye sayd,

Were so' unkynde, to leve behynde

Your love, the not-browne mayd,

Trust me truly, that I shall dy

285

Sone after ye be gone :

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

## A.

Yf that ye went ye sholde repent ;

For in the forest nowe

290

I have purvayed me of a mayd,  
 Whom I love more than you ;  
 Another fayrere than ever ye were,  
 I dare it wele avowe ;  
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe      295  
 With other, as I trowe :  
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ;  
 So wyll I, yf I can :  
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man.      300

## B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode  
 Ye had a paramour,  
 All this may nought remove my thought,  
 But that I wyll be your :  
 And ſhe shall fynde me soft and kynde,      305  
 And courteys every hour ;  
 Glad to fulfull all that ſhe wyll  
 Commaunde me, to my power :  
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
 Yet wolde I be that one :      310  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone.

## A.

Myne owne dere love, I fe the prove  
 That ye be kynde, and true ;  
 Of mayde, and wyfe, of all my lyfe,      315  
 The best that ever I knewe.

Be mery and glad, be no more sad,  
 The case is chaunged newe ;  
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,  
 Ye sholde have cause to rewre :      320  
 Be nat dismayed ; whatfover I sayd  
 To you, whan I began,  
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,  
 I am no banyshed man.

## B.

These tydings be more gladder to me      325  
 Than to be made a quene,  
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure :  
 But it is often sene,  
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke  
 The wordes on the splene :      330  
 Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,  
 And stele from me, I wene :  
 Than were the case worse than it was,  
 And I more wo-begone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde      335  
 I love but you alone.

## A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;  
 I wyll nat dysparage  
 You, (God defend !) syth ye descend  
 Of so grete lynyage.      340  
 Nowe undyrstande, to Westmarlande,  
 Which is myne herytage,

I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,

By way of maryâge,

I wyll you take ; and lady make,

345

As shortely as I can :

Than have you won an erlys son,

And ' not a ' banyshed man.

## B.

Here may ye se, that women be,

In love, meke, kynde, and stable :

350

Late never man reprove them than

[Or call them variable] ;

But, rather, pray God, that we may

To them be comfortable ;

Which sometyme ' proveth' such as he ' loveth,' 355

Yf they be charytable.

' For, syth' men wolde that women sholde

Be meke to them ech one,

Moche more ought they to God obey,

And serve but hym alone.

360



HARPALUS COMPLAINT OF PHILLIDAE  
 LOVE BESTOWED ON CORIN, WHO LOVED  
 HER NOT ; AND DENIED HIM THAT  
 LOVED HER.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,  
 As fresh as any flowre ;  
 Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde  
 To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin, 5  
 Were herdmen both yfere :  
 And Phylida could twist and spinne,  
 And thereto sing full clere.

But Phyllida was all to coy  
 For Harpalus to winne ; 10  
 For Corin was her onely joy,  
 Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine !  
 How often garlandes make,  
 Of couslips, and of columbine ! 15  
 And al'for Corins sake.

But Corin he had haukes to lure,  
 And forced more the field :

Of lovers lawe he toke no cure

For once he was begilde.

20

Harpalus prevailed nought,

His labour all was lost :

For he was fardest from her thought,

And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,

And drye as clot of clay ;

His fleshe it was consumed cleane,

His colour gone away.

25

His beard it had not long be shave,

His heare hong all unkempt :

A man most fit even for the grave,

Whom spitefull love had spent.

30

His eyes were red, and all forewatched,

His face besprent with teares :

It semde unhap had him long hatched,

In mids of his dispaires.

35

His clothes were blacke, and also bare,

As one forlorne was he :

Upon his head alwayes he ware

A wreath of wylow tree.

40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,  
 And he fate in the dale :  
 And thus, with sighes and sorowes shril,  
 He gan to tell his tale.

O Harpalus ! (thus woud he say)

45

Unhappiest under sunne !

The cause of thine unhappy day  
 By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to secke

A tigre to make tame ;

50

That settes not by thy love a leeke,  
 But makes thy griefe her game :

As easy it were for to convert

The frost into the flame,

As for to turne a froward hert,

55

Whom thou so faine wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carclesse,

He leapes among the leaves ;

He eates the frutes of thy redrefse ;

Thou reapes, he takes the sheaves.

60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,

And harke your herdmans founde,

Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,

Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65  
 That here your pasture takes :  
 I se that ye be not begilde  
 Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde,  
 The bucke hard by the do ; 70  
 The turtle dove is not vnkinde  
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme,  
 The yong cow hath the bull ;  
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75  
 Do fede their hunger full.

But welaway ! that nature wrought  
 Thee, Phillyda, so faire :  
 For I may say that I haue bought  
 Thy beauty all to deare. 80

What reason is it that crueltie  
 With beautie shbould have part ?  
 Or els that such great tyranny  
 Should dwell in womans hart ?

I see therefore to shape my death 85  
 She cruelly is prest ;  
 To thende that I may want my breath :  
 My dayes been at the best.

348 U N C E R T A I N   A U T H O R S .

O Cupide, graunt this my request,  
And do not stoppe thine eares,  
That she may feele within her brest,  
The paines of my dispaires.

90

Of Corin that is careleffe  
That she may crave her fee,  
As I have done in great distresse,  
That loved her faithfully.

95

But sins that I shall die her slave,  
Her slave and eke her thrall :  
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave,  
This chaunce that is befall.

100

Here lieth unhappy Harpelus,  
By cruell love now slaine ;  
Whom Phillyda unjustly thus  
Hath murdred with disdaine.



EPIGRAM.

ON WIT.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,  
Dug from the Indian mine;  
Which boasts two various powr's in one,  
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,  
With the same gift abounds ;  
Appears at once both keen and bright,  
And sparkles while it wounds.

5



AN EPITAPH ON A POOR HONEST MAN;  
INTENDED TO BE PLAC'D ON A STONE  
IN THE CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH OF  
BROMHAM IN THE COUNTY OF WILTS.

'Tis not the tomb in marble polish'd high,  
The venal verse, or flattering titles nigh,  
The classick learning o'er an impious stonē,  
Where *Latin* tells what *English* blush'd to own,  
Shall shroud the guilty from the eye of God, 5  
Incline his ballance, or avert his rod.  
His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,  
Spread on the way, or fainting at the door;  
And blast the villain, tho' to altars fled,  
Who robb'd us, living; and insults us, dead. 10



A TRANSLATION OF AN IRISH SONG, BEGINNING, *ma ville slane g'un oughtb chegh khune, &c.*

BLESSED were the days, when in the lonely shade,  
Join'd hand in hand, my love and I have stray'd,  
Where apple-blossoms scent the fragrant air,  
I've snatch'd soft kisses from the wanton fair.

Then did the feather'd choir in songs rejoice, 5  
How soft the cuckoo tun'd her sooth'ning voice!  
The gentle thrush with pride display'd his throat,  
Vying in sweetness with the black-bird's note.

But now, my love, how wretched am I made!  
My health exhausted, and my bloom decay'd! 10  
Pensive I roam the solitary grove,—  
The grove delights not—for I miss my love.

Once more, sweet maid, together let us stray,  
And in soft dalliance waste the fleeting day;  
Through hazel-groves, where clust'ring nuts invite,  
And blushing apples charm the tempted sight.

In awful charms secure, my lovely maid  
May trust with me her beauty in the shade.

Oh ! how with sick'ning fond desire I pine,  
Till my heart's wish, till you, my love, are mine.

Hence with these virgin fears, this cold delay,  
Let love advise ; take courage, and away.  
Your constant swain for ever shall be true,  
O'er all the plain, shall ne'er love one but you.



TO MR. SECRETARY MURRAY,  
ON HIS TURNING EVIDENCE.

—*Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

To all that virtue's holy ties can boast,  
To truth, to honour, and to manhood lost ;  
How hast thou wandered from the sacred road,  
The paths of honesty, the pole to God !  
O ! fallen ! fallen from the high degree        5  
Of spotless fame and pure integrity !  
Where's all that gallantry that fill'd your breast ?  
The pride of sentiment, the thought profest,  
Th' unbiass'd principle, the gen'rous strain,  
That warm'd your blood, and beat in every vein ?  
All ! all are fled ! — Once honest, stiddy, brave,  
How great the change ! — to coward, traitor,  
knaver !

O ! hateful love of life ! that prompts the mind,  
The godlike, great and good, to leave behind,  
From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,  
From all on earth that dignifies the man !  
With steps unhallow'd wickedly to stray,  
And trust, and friendship's holy band betray !  
Curs'd fear of death ! whose bugbear terrors fright  
Th' unmanly breast from suff'ring in the right;  
That strikes the man from th' elevated state,  
From every character, and name of great,

And throws him down beneath the vile degree  
Of galley'd slaves, or dungeon villainy !

O ! Murray ! Murray ! once of truth approv'd,  
Your prince's darling, by his party lov'd,  
When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,  
And expectation spoke your future praise,  
How could you sell that prince, that cause, that  
fame,

For life enchain'd to infamy and shame ? 30

See gallant ARTHUR\*, whose undaunted soul  
No dangers frighten, and no fears controul,  
With unconcern the ax and block surveys,  
And smiles at all the dreadful scene displays ;  
While undisturb'd his thoughts so steady keep, 35  
He goes to death as others go to sleep.  
Gay midst their gibbets and devouring fire,  
What numbers hardy in the cause expire !  
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,  
That wip'd your shoes, and with your crumbs was  
fed, 40

When life and riches, profer'd to his view,  
Before his eyes the strong temptation threw,  
Rather than quit integrity of heart,  
Or act, like you, th'unmanly traitor's part,  
Disdains the purchase of a worthless life, 45  
And bares the bosom to the butch'ring knife ;

\* Lord Balmerino.

V. 32. No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

Each mean compliance gallantly denies,  
 And in mute honesty is brave and dies.  
 While you, tho' tutor'd from your early youth,  
 To all the principles of steady truth,       50  
 Tho' station, birth, and character conspire,  
 To kindle in your breast the manly fire,  
 Friends, reputation, conscience, all disclaim,  
 To glory lost, and sunk in endless shame ;  
 For the dull privilege to breathe the air,       55  
 For everlasting infamy declare,  
 And down to late posterity record  
 A name that's curs'd, abandon'd, and abhor'd.

Go, wretch ! enjoy the purchase you have gain'd,  
 Scorn and reproach your every step attend ;   60  
 By all mankind neglected and forgot,  
 Retire to solitude, retire and rot.  
 But whither ? whither can the guilty ' fly'  
 From the devouring worms that never die ?  
 Those inward slings that rack the villain's breast, 65  
 Haunt his lone house, and break his tortur'd rest.  
 'Midst caves, 'midst rocks and desarts you may find  
 A safe retreat from all the human kind ;  
 But to what foreign region can you run,  
 Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun ?       70

*V. 51. Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire.*

LONDON.

356 UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

Where e'er thou go'st, wild anguish and despair,  
And black remorse attend with hideous stare ;  
Tear your distraught soul with torments fell,  
Your passions devils, and your bosom hell.

Thus may you drag your heavy chain along, 75  
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong ;  
And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,  
Weary of being, yet afraid of death,  
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,  
Judas and Murray both may go to heaven. 80



## THE BEGGAR.

— *inopemque paterni  
Et Laris, et Fundi.* —

HOR.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man!  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;  
Oh! give relief—and heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak, 5  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road, 10  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode :

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)  
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,  
A pamper'd menial forc'd me from the door, 15  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

\* First printed 176..

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome,  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old. 20

Should I reveal the source of every grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity could not be represt.

Heav'n sends misfortunes—why should we repine ? 25  
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see ;  
And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The child of sorrow—and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn ; 30  
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age !  
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage, 35  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care !  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell—ling'ring fell a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me. 40

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;  
Oh ! give relief—and heav'n will bless your store.



360 UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

A N  
HEROIC EPISTLE  
T O  
SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,  
COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS,  
AND AUTHOR OF A LATE  
DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.  
ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,  
CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE  
PERFORMANCE.

*Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ.*

VIRGIL.

K N I G H T of the Polar Star ! by Fortune plac'd,  
To shine the Cynosure of British taste ;  
Whose orb collects in one resplendent view,  
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù ;  
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,      5  
That Kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze,

Verse 2. [Cynosure of British taste.] Cynosure, an affected phrase, Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,  
 And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme,  
 Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,  
 With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;  
 Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;  
 Leap each Ha Ha of truth and common sense;  
 And proudly rising in her bold career,  
 Demand attention from the gracious ear  
 Of him, whom we and all the world admit      15  
 Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.  
 Does Envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train!  
 Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;  
 Witness ye H\*lls, ye J\*n\*ns, Sc\*ts, S\*bb\*s,  
 Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.      20

Verse 10. [With scenes of Yven-Ming.] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. [Sayings of Li-Tsong.] "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diff. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

Let D\*\*d H\*e, from the remotest North,  
 In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth ;  
 D\*\*d, who there supinely deigns to lye  
 The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty ;  
 Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,  
 D\*\*d shall bless Old England's halcyon days ;  
 The mighty Home bemir'd in prose so long,  
 Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song :  
 While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in Ghosts to deal,  
 Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal ;      30  
 Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,  
 Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,  
 And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort  
 To come from Hell, and warble *truth at Court.*

There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove, 35  
 " When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,"  
 That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,  
 And own'd that Beauty blest their mutual toil.  
 Mistaken Bard ! could such a pair design .  
 Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line ?      40  
 Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,  
 Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,  
 Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,  
 Called Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.

Verse 34. [Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of Lord B—te's administration.

For what is Nature? Ring her changes round, 45  
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;  
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,  
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.  
So, when some John his dull invention racks,  
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's; 50  
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,  
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolifick art, and with thee bring  
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;

Verse 45. [For what is Nature?] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "Nature (says the Chinese, or Sir William for them) affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, ground, and water, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells*, which though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of *gingling*; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived." "Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest Bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turneps, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, page 7.

To Richmond come, for see untutor'd Brown 55  
 Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.  
 Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave  
 Has rudely rush'd and levell'd Merlin's Cave ;  
 Knock'd down the waxen Wizzard, seiz'd his wand,  
 Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land ; 60  
 And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design  
 Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.  
 Haste, bid yon livelong Terras re-ascend,  
 Replace each vista, straighten every bend ;  
 Shut out the Thames ; shall that ignoble thing 65  
 Approach the presence of great Ocean's King ?  
 No ! let Barbaric glories feast his eyes,  
 August Pagodas round his palace rise.  
 And finish'd Richmond open to his view,  
 "A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew." 70

Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,  
 Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl ;

Verse 67. [No ! let Barbaric glories.] So Milton :  
 " Where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
 Showers on her Kings *Barbaric* pearl and gold."

Verse 72. [Monkies shall climb our trees.] " In their  
 lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful sorts  
 crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkies*, *cats*, and  
*parots* clamber upon the trees. Page 40. " In their lakes  
 are many *islands*, some small, some large, amongst which  
 are seen stalking along, *the elephant*, *the rhinoceros*, *the*  
*dromedary*, *ostrich*, and *the giant baboon*." Page 66.  
 " They keep, in their enchanted scenes, a surprising

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,  
 Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love ;  
 In some fair island will we turn to grass      75  
 (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass.  
 Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,  
 Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids ;  
 Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring  
 Damfels alike adroit to sport and sling.      80

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,  
 Join we the groves of horror and affright ;  
 This to atchieve no foreign aids we try,  
 Thy gibbets, Bagshot ! shall our wants supply ;

variety of monstrous birds, reptiles and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet*, and *African giants*, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. " Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beautcous *Tartarean damsels*, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

Verse 84. [Thy gibbets, Bagshot.] " Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundaries, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columus of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Volcanos." Page 37. " Here

Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,      85  
 Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.  
 Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,  
 Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain;  
 And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,  
 Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;      90  
 On this shall H\*H\*d's dying speech be read,  
 Here B—te's confession, and his wooden head;  
 While all the minor plunderers of the age,  
 (Too numerous far for this contracted page)

the passenger from time to time is surprized with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now, to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here submitted the occasional explosion of a *powder mill*, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *explosion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

Verse 87. [Here too, O king of Vengeance, &c.] " In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of stone, with *pathetic descriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws and robbers*." Page 37.

Verse 88. [Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

The R\*g\*ys, —'s Mungos, B\*d\*ws there, 95  
 In straw stuff effigy, shall kick the air.  
 But say, ye-powers, who come when fancy calls,  
 Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?  
 The Eastern feature, Art must next produce,  
 Tho' not for present yet for future use 100  
 Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,  
 Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould :  
 Who of three realms shall condescend to know  
 No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow ;  
 For Him, that blessing of a better time, 105  
 The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime ;  
 Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,  
 And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line

*V. 95.—'s.] Martins. The asterisks will be easily supplied.*

Verse 98. [Where shall our mimic London, &c.]  
 " There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming  
 Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets,  
 public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of  
 justice ; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only  
 on a smaller scale. "

" In this town the Emperors of China, who are too  
 much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and  
 their women, who are secluded from it by custom, are  
 frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capi-  
 tal which is here represented, several times in the year,  
 by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts  
 From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.  
 Brentford with London's charms will we adorn ;  
 Brentford, the bishoprick of Parson Horne.  
 There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet  
 Each varied beauty of St. James's Street ;  
 Stout T\*\*t there shall ply with hackney chair 115  
 And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.  
 Like distant thunder, now the coach of state  
 Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its  
 weight ;  
 The court hath cross'd the stream ; the sports be-  
 gin,  
 Now N\*\*l preaches of rebellion's sin : 120  
 And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,  
 Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fl\*\*r's eyes.  
 While, skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,  
 Who ne'er before at sermon shew'd his face,

Verse 109. [of marble arches.] Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

Verse 115. [Stout T\*\*t, &c.] " Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

Verse 116. [And Patriot Betty,] " Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

Verse 122. [Lo brazen tears, &c.]

" Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

Sac Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief! 125  
 He's stol'n the E\* of D\*nb\*h's handkerchief.  
 Let B\*rr\*t\*n arrest him in mock fury,  
 And M\*\*d hang the knave without a jury.  
 But hark the voice of battle shouts from far,  
 The Jews and Maccaroni's are at war: 130  
 The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,  
 They seize, they bind, they circumcise C\*s F\*.  
 Fair Schw\*\*\*n smiles the sport to see,  
 And all the Maids of Honour cry Te ! He !

Be these the rural pastimes that attend 135  
 Great B\*nsw\*k's leisure : these shall best unbend

Verse 125. [See Jemmy Twitcher shambles.] " Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs ! Vide, ibid.

Verse 127. [Let B\*\*\*n.] " The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

Verse 128, [And M\*\*d, &c.] " He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

Verse 129. [But hark, &c.] " Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

Verse 132. [Circumcise C\*s F\*.] Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons. Ibid.

Verse 134. [And all the maids of honour, &c.] " This is done to divert his Imperial Majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide, ibid.

His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,  
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;  
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,  
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam. 140  
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand  
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,  
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise  
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,  
O! let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,  
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.











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